Saturday Review

of LITERATURE

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Albert Camus, author of "The Plague." *(See page 10)*

Japan: Propaganda to Pornography

By RALPH CHAPMAN

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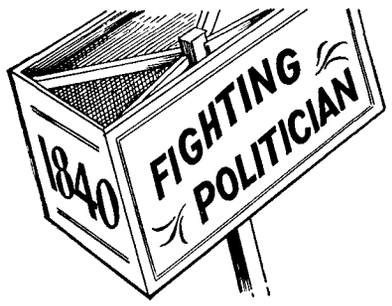

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Just How Important Is

THE ATOMIC BOMB?

IN these times of mounting tensions, the atomic scientists continue—as they have *since the bomb fell on Hiroshima*—to tell all who will listen of the social and political implications of their discoveries. Their message is increasingly important: "The responsibility to see that atomic energy is used for the benefit and not the destruction of mankind is ours—and YOURS."

THE scientists do not claim to have all the answers but they are continually exploring the relationship between science and society, between the potentialities of atomic warfare and the survival of civilization. The monthly BULLETIN OF THE ATOMIC SCIENTISTS is their medium for keeping abreast of developments in this field. It should be yours, too, if you are to participate intelligently in the democratic decisions on which our destiny may hinge.

JUST how important is the atomic bomb? The term "atomic age" seems to have drifted into our vocabulary. Its implications are too often absent from our thinking. Recent issues of the BULLETIN OF THE ATOMIC SCIENTISTS show how the problems created by atomic energy impinge on every phase of our existence.

WARFARE. In an authoritative article, "How Dangerous Are Atomic Weapons?", Edward Teller discussed the probabilities of newer, more powerful bombs, capable of producing a radioactive cloud that could endanger a continent. Austin Brues' report of his observations with the Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission described the effects of atomic bomb injuries and revealed a previously untold story of the Japanese decision to surrender. "Atomic Bomb Explosions—Effects on an American City" by R. E. Lapp outlined the probable effects of an atomic attack on a city and examined some aspects of atomic defense.

POLITICS. A workable system for the prevention of warfare and the control of atomic energy is the only answer to the political problem posed by the atomic bomb. The BULLETIN has carried articles by R. Gordon Arneson, Quincy Wright, Warren R. Austin, Leo Szilard, Abba P. Lerner, Edward A. Shils, Cuthbert Daniel and Arthur M. Squires, Harold C. Urey, Philip Morrison and Robert R. Wilson, David E. Lilienthal, J. Robert Oppenheimer, and others, all dealing with phases of this problem. In addition, the BULLETIN carries a monthly review of United Nations developments in the field of atomic energy by Peter Kihss, New York Herald Tribune staff member and a notably astute observer of UN activities. The BULLETIN has also printed the texts or careful condensations of major documents issued by the UN and the United States Atomic Energy Commissions.

ECONOMICS. BULLETIN readers are kept informed on economic aspects of atomic energy by articles such as the authoritative report on the costs of atomic power and the economic factors which may affect its use by Sam H. Schurr, co-director of the study of Economic Aspects of Atomic Energy conducted by the Cowles commission at the University of Chicago.

SCIENCE. Although the BULLETIN is not a technical journal, its articles on the developments in science which importantly affect our civilization have attracted wide interest and comment. Articles by H. J. Muller, Kenneth V. Thiman, Edward Teller, J. Robert Oppenheimer, Milton Burton and others have covered the field from the effects of radiation on the genes and heredity, to proposals for reorganization of research.

All these articles, and many more, dealt with problems of vital concern to you. If you missed them, you owe it to yourself as an intelligent citizen, to see that you do not miss future issues, as the BULLETIN continues its coverage of the most important problem the human race has faced since the discovery of fire.

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TRADE Winds

SEVERAL YEARS AGO I told in TRADE WINDS the story of Julian Street's famous contretemps in Cripple Creek. Among some effects of the late Mr. Street, Bellows & Co. now have unearthed his own version of the affair:

In 1913 or 1914 when Wallace Morgan and I were on our travels across the continent to get material for my book "Abroad at Home," we stopped for a week at Colorado Springs. While there a friend who was a director of several railroads invited us to ride up to Cripple Creek (elevation about 10,000) in his private car, to see the unbelievable railroad, the Cripple Creek Short Line.

I had never imagined that anything less than a cog-road could ascend a grade so steep. The regular train was very light and the heavy steel private car, on the end, slowed it down. The engineer had to stop at times to get up steam and make a fresh haul. The result was that when, after twisting and puffing our way through some of the finest scenery I ever saw, and passing over some of the tallest, spindliest wooden trestles, we got to Cripple Creek, we had but fifty minutes there before the train had to start back, instead of about two hours.

The town was a busted mining camp, than which there is nothing sadder to see. The place was inhabited but there were no pavements in view from the station and it all looked a good deal like no-man's land.

The altitude made breathing difficult for me and it was rather cold. I walked up the main street a little way, turned off and ran into Myers Avenue, the old red-light street, with a vacant tumble-down dance-hall and a long line of tiny box-stall houses called "cribs." Some were empty but others showed signs of tenancy and on the door of each was painted a name—"Clara," "Louise," "Lina," and so on. There was one with the name of "Madame Leo." The occupant, middle-aged and half-witted apparently, came out and gave a lecture on how bad business was. She was horrible and pitiful.

I had not intended to write about Cripple Creek but the depressing place and the woman made such an impression on me that I described it in *Collier's* weekly, for which the series was written.

Cripple Creek was furious. I got scurrilous and abusive letters and so did *Collier's*. Apologies and retractions were demanded, there were editorials in the Cripple Creek paper, or papers, saying how I could have written about the many millions taken out of the mines there, but preferred to spend my time in the region of shame, etc. The editorials were actionable but the newspapers were probably insolvent and the town was in such a rage I'd doubtless have been mobbed had I gone there to collect.

Finding that they could not get action, the city fathers met and changed the name of the street from Myers Avenue to Julian Street. The story went out over the AP and was published all over the country, causing a great laugh. I'm sorry to say it took me about three days to see that it was funny.

This story is still remembered but what is not remembered is that the state authorities descended on the town and cleaned out "my" street. . . .

THE NEW WILLIAM SLOANE LIST is another tribute to the publishing acumen of this up-and-coming outfit. Besides the BOMC selection Vogt's "Road to Survival," it includes J. C. Furnas's "The South Seas" (described as "a sort of 1948 'White Shadows' ") and the first two volumes in the American Men of Letters Series: "Thoreau" by Joe Krutch and "E. A. Robinson" by Emery Neff. . . . Morrow expects big things from Nevil Shute's "No Highway," Mary Renault's "North Face," and Liddell Hart's "The German Generals Talk." For insurance, they have their usual star-studded mystery list, headed by Erle Stanley Gardner's "Case of the Vagabond Virgin," R. A. J. Walling's "The Late Unlamented," and Carter Dickson's "The Skeleton in the Clock." . . . There's a new Kathleen Winsor novel just over the horizon. No title yet, nor any official announcement from Macmillan. . . . If you are interested in American folklore, you'll find gobs of it in Caxton's "Eve's Stepchildren." There are chapters on Bayou French, Ozark hillbillies, Navajo Indians, Milwaukee Hunkies, and Minnesota lumberjacks. Very informative! . . . Andrei Vyshinsky will give the works to "decadent Western democracy" in a two-volume tome. Volume one tears into Britain, and volume two dissects the USA. . . .

CHARLES BONI HAS RESIGNED from the firm of Boni & Gaer, leaving Joe Gaer, once the "trouble-shooter" for WPA guide books, to carry on alone. Boni was instrumental in the establishment of Boni & Liveright, Charles & Albert Boni, and Paper Books, too, but always seemed to lose interest. . . . Peggy Wood and Ernest Truex will co-star in the dramatization of Ted Pratt's novel "Miss Dilly Says No." . . . Otto Eisenschiml and E. B. Long are compiling a record of fifteen turning points in the Civil War that were decided by pure chance. The book will be called "As Luck Would Have It," and Bobbs-Merrill will be the publisher. . . . The Abraham Lincoln

"I blame my adult delinquency on kid comic books."

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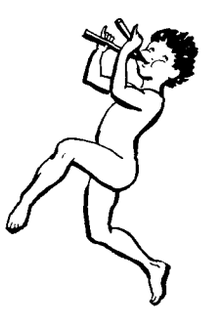
". . . One of the strangest and most haunting fragments of autobiography I have read" is how Sterling North describes THE VALLEY OF SHADOWS, a new edition of a book written by Francis Grierson in 1909. Grierson, who arrived in Paris at the age of twenty with only his astonishing gift for improvising at the piano, soon made his way into the courts and salons of Europe, where he played with great effect. A wanderer by nature, he covered the globe during his life, playing and writing.

His music was gone as soon as it was played, and most of his writing is forgotten. He exists now only in the memoirs of the great and near-great who were his friends and in this book, written because he wanted to record "his impressions of the passing of the old democracy and the old social system in the United States" during those years over which the shadow of Abraham Lincoln was just beginning to fall. In a remarkable feat of memory he conjured up after fifty years the actual speech, the forebodings, the excitements of the people of his boyhood — people who felt their country drifting towards war as inevitably as a thundercloud split by a bolt of lightning.

Time says: "This is almost the only reminiscence of Abraham Lincoln's Illinois in the 1850's that ranks as a classic of prose . . . a book like a bucket of well water, without structure, simple-tasting, but real as rock and very clear. To many readers it will seem that the atmosphere evoked by Grierson is an essential element in the background of Abraham Lincoln."

And Sterling North says further: "To my knowledge no such insight has previously been recorded on the mood, the metaphysical and subconscious atmosphere which brought about the Civil War. And no such reporting upon characters, dialects and episodes of the era has come to us from any author.

"Bernard DeVoto, who rescued this book and author from oblivion, has once more performed a major service for American literature and American history."



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THE GARDEN CITY PUBLISHING CO. has released a list of its best-selling titles for the past year, and I was delighted to observe that "The Short Stories of O. Henry," as usual, landed very near the top. Some current critics have ruled O. Henry "passé"—glib, superficial, and repetitious—but they cannot deny that he was past-master of the story with a surprise or twist ending. He was also the prose laureate of Manhattan Island. Today the "four million" of his "Bagdad on the Sub-

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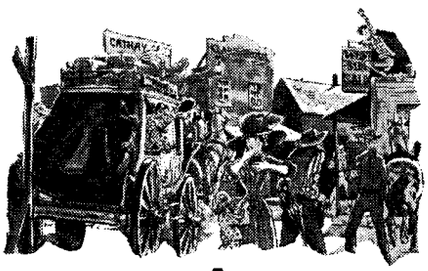

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By VIRGINIA HATHAWAY CHAPMAN. A witty and delightful satire on the dilemma of modern man—rational man in a senseless world. It is the story of Godfrey, a young doctor, who would accept nothing on faith, and beautiful Antonia, cool and grave and wise, who had faith only in Godfrey. *$2.75*

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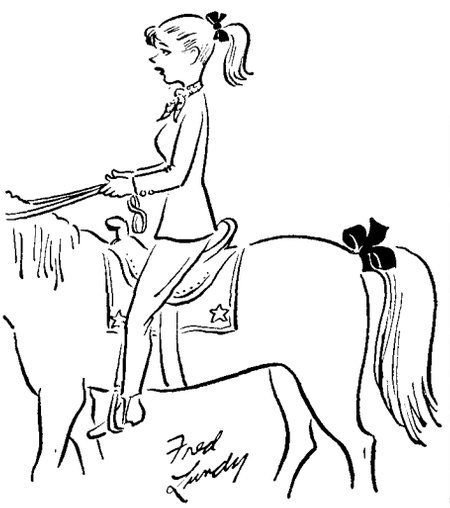
way" have become nine million, the slang that highlights his dialogue has been superseded by other passing catch-phrases, and restaurants and hotels that served as his locale were razed a generation ago, but his tales of New York remain the standard by which all other literature on the subject is judged. Only a few months ago the editor of a great metropolitan newspaper wrote a book about Manhattan. The review he cherished most, and carried in his wallet, was one that referred to him as a "latterday O. Henry."

At the height of his career, O. Henry boasted that he could turn out one complete story—and down one complete bottle of whiskey—a day. He was always far behind in his commitments. "If only magazine editors wouldn't eat in the same restaurants I do!" he said petulantly. "I find it impossible to resist them—especially when I owe them stories they've paid me for six months ago!" He lunched one day with Charles Hanson Towne, then editor of *Smart Set,* and Robert Davis, of *Munsey's,* and admitted that he owed stories to nine magazine editors. In the middle of the meal, he excused himself and moved to another table where he held a whispered consultation with Richard Duffy, of *Ainslee's.* When he returned he remarked gaily, "Change that figure from nine to ten." Incidentally, all three magazines, then so important, mentioned in this anecdote, are no longer in existence today.

Although O. Henry was born in Greensboro, N. C. (the leading hotel there now bears his name—not to mention a popular candy bar) he probably was as typical and devoted a "New Yorker" as ever lived. "No country life for me," he declared. "Just give me a steam-heated flat with no ventilation or exercise." His last words were, "Pull up the shades so I can see New York. I don't want to go home in the dark."

BENNETT CERF.



The new novel by

DR. A. J. CRONIN

author of THE CITADEL
and THE GREEN YEARS

Photo by Dorothy Wilding

DR. Cronin's THE CITADEL was the soul-searching story of a man who tried to be a good doctor but was tempted by his desire for material success.

▶ SHANNON'S WAY is the story of a doctor in his twenties who put his keen interest in medical research ahead of everything else in life.

▶ Robert Shannon was able to secure a medical education only because his great-grandfather, old Cadger Gow, by a codicil to his will, left him a sum no more than sufficient for the purpose. At the age of twenty-four, having secured his degree, and thanks to a fellowship award, he was one of the three assistants of Professor Usher in the Department of Experimental Pathology at the University. Burning with the painful ambition of a silent and retiring nature, longing in his poverty and obscurity to astound the world, he hoped by research to find the explanation for current epidemics in the British Isles, and elsewhere, loosely classified as influenza. But he was to face many obstacles, for some of which he himself would be to blame, beginning with the selfish and opportunist viewpoint of his superior in the department.

▶ Always in the novel there is Jean Law, first as his student, later as his inspiration, but separated from him by a gulf as wide as eternity, a gulf relating to religion. The crises in his life and hers, the cruel vicissitudes they have to face, carry the reader from the heights of ecstasy to the pit of despair.

▶ Robert's aim was to isolate the bacillus causing the epidemics, to check its relation to undulant fever, and to develop a preventive vaccine. All the way his ambition was to be fraught with tremendous difficulties. Hampered on every side by unfair treatment, by outmoded equipment—and even by the lack of the necessities of life—he was content merely to exist so that he might continue his glorious experiments.

▶ Here, as in all of Dr. Cronin's novels, he shows his extraordinary abilities as a storyteller and his sympathetic understanding of human frailties and emotions. To read this exultant novel is a heart-stirring and richly rewarding experience.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Japan: Propaganda to Pornography

RALPH CHAPMAN

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The account Ralph Chapman gives here of literary and publishing activity in Japan is based upon observations made during two and a half years post-V-J-Day service as Tokyo correspondent for the* New York Herald Tribune. *This is the first of an occasional series* SRL *will publish on contemporary literature and literary life abroad. Reports on Germany, Poland, Sweden, and other foreign countries will follow in the near future.*

THE stamp of defeat is nowhere more evident in Japan than in the field of literary endeavor. Thousands of writers, many well-known but for the most part newcomers, have poured out millions of words in the two and a half years since the war ended, but Japanese critics are almost unanimous in labeling the output trash.

Predominant in 1946 were nostalgic stories of prewar days and tales about the crimes of the militarists, apparently written with an eye to acceptability by occupation authorities. Then followed a wave of eroticism which verged on the pornographic. It is notable that the U.S. Army censors, of whom more later, and General MacArthur's Civil Information and Education Section did nothing to stem the tide of obscene writing which at one time threatened to engulf the entire publishing field.

Critic Hideo Kuwahara, reviewing the literary scene in 1947 for the *Nippon Times,* wrote that "there were no mentionable novels written in 1947 and . . . even the best short stories were not up to par." As to non-fiction, there has not been, to this writer's knowledge, even a serious effort to produce anything of note.

Various observers hold different opinions concerning the reason for the present lost standards. One critic, laying the blame wholly on the writers themselves, said, "It is out of the question to assume good writing will depend on whether the Japanese democracy progresses rapidly or slowly. . . . No revolution in literature occurs as a necessary consequence of an historical event." An opposite view, taken by many, is that writing standards reflect the general cultural level of the people and that Japan must become "modernized" before there can be any hope of good writing.

Actually the present barren picture is attributable to a variety of causes, all stemming from the war. Most important of these have been the activities of unscrupulous publishers, an acute paper shortage, Army censorship, the ineptness of those at MacArthur's headquarters charged with the "re-education" of the Japanese and, to a lesser degree, the thorny and highly involved problem of language reform.

When freedom of speech was restored to the Japanese by the MacArthur directive of October 4, 1945, the publishers faced this problem: the reading public was starved for books and magazines of all kinds free from the influence of the Tojo propaganda machine. On the other hand, there was (and still is) an extremely limited supply of paper, even in the black market. Right then too many publishers took the wrong turning.

Refusing to gamble paper on anything which was not sure-fire, they set their presses to turning out the same sort of lurid tripe which clutters two-thirds of the newsstand space in the United States. But there is this difference: we still have enough paper to print also the work of fine writers whose appeal is to a discriminating public; the Japanese do not. One must speculate, therefore, as to whether a considerable amount of writing with literary merit has not gone beyond the manuscript stage because Japanese publishers do not feel that they can take a chance.

It should be noted here that the appellation of "sure-fire" attaches to anything written by a foreigner. American and other newspaper correspondents in Tokyo can earn thousands of yen monthly by writing short pieces on current events for vernacular newspapers and magazines. A flimsy novel called "Tokyo Romance," written by Earnest Hoberecht, United Press correspondent, for publication only in Japanese, has sold several hundred thousand copies and is still going strong. An article by a former U. S. Army nurse (my wife, as a matter of fact) who had never written a line in her life led the second page of Tokyo's largest evening paper.

The Japanese will read anything and publishers know it.

THE dearth of new books, good or bad, is due to constantly spiraling costs. Salaries and wages have increased to many times their prewar level. Government paper allocations are insufficient to permit profitable use in books. The price of black-market paper is ten times the legal price. As a result, retail prices are fast becoming prohibitive. A dictionary which sold for ten yen in 1945 now costs one hundred and twenty.

Mrs. Yoko Matsuoka, Swarthmore graduate, writer, editor, and literary agent, told this writer one day that "there has not been a single book printed in Japan since the end of the war without the use of black-market paper."

The paper shortage is due in large measure to the fact that coal production throughout the nation is far below that of prewar years. This has

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given rise to a curious sort of barter system. Large newspapers and publishing houses which have considerable coal reserves get paper in exchange for the fuel necessary to keep the paper mills going. Such transactions are illegal, of course, but extremely difficult for government officials to catch.

Book and magazine publishers complain that, because they lack political strength, their pleas for paper go unheeded while the newspapers get what they need. Since all Japanese dailies, even the largest, are limited to two pages, this complaint hardly seems justified. This does not mean, though, that politics of one sort or another does not play a part in paper allocations.

Although several factors are involved, it is circulation which governs paper allotments. Bearing in mind that there is no Japanese equivalent for the Audit Bureau of Circulations in the United States, the opportunities for skullduggery are obvious. There have been several shakeups in the Government's Paper Allocation Committee but there is still widespread dissatisfaction with its operations.

A RUMOR constantly circulated in publishing circles is that certain newspapers have inflated their circulation figures in order to obtain paper beyond their actual needs. The claim is that they then sell the excess paper in the black market. Such a charge was made by certain publishers against *Akahata* (Red Flag), organ of the Communist Party in Japan. An investigation by this writer disproved the charge completely. *Akahata* seldom draws the full allotment of paper to which it is entitled.

The truth is simply that all publishers want more paper than they are getting—but for different reasons. The large papers are satisfied in general with their circulation but want to go from two to four, or even eight, pages. The magazines are not especially interested in enlarging each issue but wish to print in greater numbers in order to meet the circulation demand.

Whatever may be the situation in the book-publishing field, there is certainly no dearth of magazines. No less than 3,000 were published monthly during 1947. Most critics, including Mr. Kuwahara, take a dim view of the literary content of most of these and are outspoken in declaring that the paper consumed could be put to much better use in bringing to the public the work of serious writers who now have no outlet.

That magazines are, potentially at least, big money makers in Japan there can be no doubt. A survey was made among some of the leading periodicals about six months ago to determine dealer demands as compared with actual circulation. The results were startling. Dealer demands for the five leading women's magazines totaled 2,260,000 but paper allocations permitted the printing of only 260,000—a monthly circulation loss of 2,000,000!

Certainly no publisher will quit so lucrative a field to print books whose sales are unlikely to go beyond a few thousands. It is unlikely that there will be many new books by Japanese authors until there is once more sufficient paper first to satisfy the popular demand for magazines.

Let us now examine the effects of American censorship on Japanese literature. It must be said at the outset that this requirement of the occupation authorities has been increasingly relaxed. There is only a minimum of pre-censorship and this is limited to the most influential newspapers. This writer has found evidence also of a broadening interpretation of censorship policy.

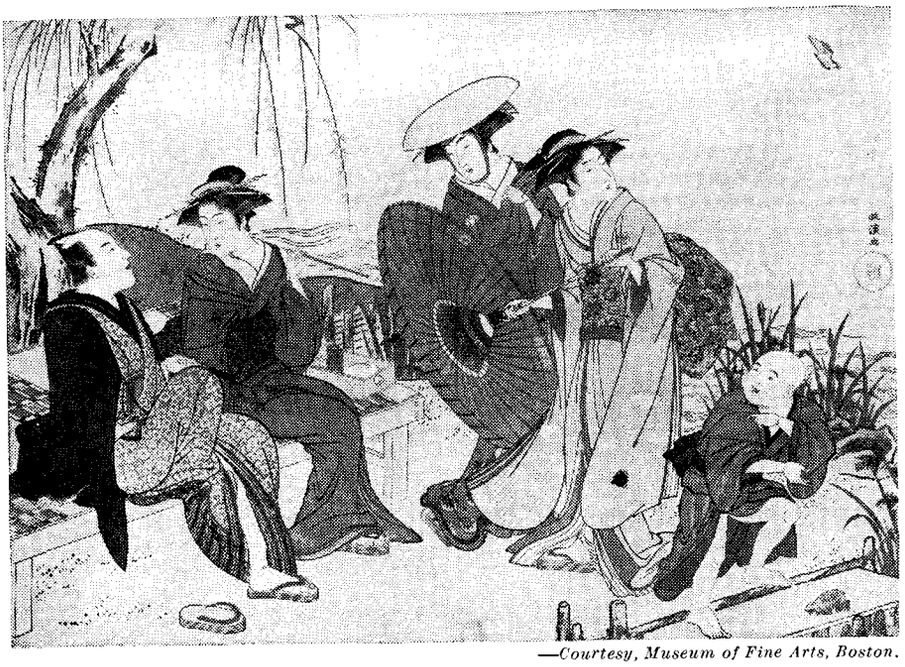
Nevertheless, censorship does exist, with its usual stultifying influence on both author and publisher. The censors operate under an order which says that nothing shall be published which is "inimical to the objectives of the occupation." Such an order can be interpreted in just about as many ways as there are censors. The Japanese know this and make every effort to avoid interpretative writing, especially on the liberal side, for fear of running afoul of the censor's office.

Here is an example of what bewilders Japanese writers and editors: an article on the tremendous increase in the number of street-walkers was submitted to censorship. The writer pointed out that a large proportion of such girls and women picked up by the police came from middle- and upper-class homes. He drew the apparently valid conclusion from this that difficult living conditions had brought about a corresponding lowering of morals in Japan since the end of the war.

THE censors passed the story—but deleted the conclusions. It was apparently thought that these would reflect in some way upon General MacArthur's occupation program. The fact that the article as passed was completely without point either escaped the censors or did not interest them. The effect upon the author and the editor who submitted the article may be imagined.

The extent to which liberal writing has been hampered by censorship during our occupation of Japan cannot, of course, be measured, but despite the hush-hush attitude of Army intelligence units there are certain indications. This writer, then Tokyo bureau

(*Continued on page* 34)



—*Courtesy, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.*

"The Call of the Cuckoo," by Kitao Masanobu.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 748)

FRANCIS PARKMAN:
(*THE*) *OREGON TRAIL*

By the side of each wagon in the emigrant caravan stalked the proprietor, urging on his patient oxen, who shouldered heavily along inch by inch on their interminable journey. It was easy to see that fear and dissension prevailed.

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Fiction. *Writers of our post-war fiction are as depressed about the current evils that beset mankind as the Frenchmen who have invented a philosophy and a literature of despair. The profound difference in the American novelists' approach is illustrated by two novels reviewed this week, Albert Camus' "The Plague" and Irwin Stark's "The Invisible Island." The first is an ironically aloof and gruesome account of a city decimated by bubonic plague, which the author uses to illustrate the incurable follies of mankind. The second is the personal and intimate observations by one man of a specific evil, in this case racial and social hatreds in the jungle of city life. American writers seem to be incapable of Gallic emotional detachment, and Frenchmen of any zest for social causes, on the theory that mankind is lost and cannot be redeemed.*

Battle Against the Forces of Darkness

THE PLAGUE. By Albert Camus. Translated from the French by Stuart Gilbert. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1948. 278 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD MCLAUGHLIN

THE brief dedicatory passage from Defoe that faces the title page of this challenging novel by one of France's impressive new writers was not placed there by mere coincidence. On the contrary, I would have said that before he wrote "The Plague" Albert Camus had dipped into quite a bit of Defoe's writing, particularly "A Journal of the Plague Year." For as somber, as unrelievedly grim as is the general nature of Camus' epical theme — recounting the painful and often repellent history of the visitation of bubonic plague on a modern city—the actual writing has grandeur because it is so calm and detached. Occasionally, however, this flatness may make the reader wonder why Mr. Camus went to such bother to choose an unhappy setting for his philosophical discussions. True, the battle against the forces of darkness and ignorance must go on; but it seems to me that the author takes away from the validity and bite of his philosophical argument by shocking us in advance with an unnecessarily gruesome setting. Camus' rather formal and restrained prose does not exactly lend itself to sensational tricks or the usual embellishments of psychological thrillers. He is essentially a prophet-philosopher who writes novels of ideas. He is not unlike Sartre, Bataille, and the other French Existentialist novelists we have been hearing from lately. However, Camus has made it quite clear publicly that he is not an Existentialist; so that even his message, for all its apparent gloom, may be regarded as a special brand of despair as opposed to or separate from the Existentialists' prophecy of doom.

Camus looks down on the crazy business of humanity with an omniscient eye. He views the modern scene of moral desuetude, or sluggishness, with amused tolerance, commenting on the follies and frailties of mankind with a somewhat gentler irony than some of his countrymen writing today. Terror, love, pity, hatred, lust, are all reduced to simple equations in the larger scheme of existence. Man has more goodness than evil in him, says Camus; it is only ignorance which unbalances the scale and creates a lonely heart, and even on occasion turns the best-intentioned people toward evil. Confronted with a city turned into a stinking charnel house over night, the loftiest as well as the lowest emotions are seen swallowed up by the monotony of pestilence-ridden days and nights where "the habit of despair is worse than despair itself."

The plague Albert Camus is writing about here serves a triple purpose, or at least his novel may be read on three different levels. First we may approach it as a harrowing fictional account of what happens to men, women, and children in a city besieged by bubonic and pneumonic plague, sparing no details of the dying, the exiled, the deprived, or of what such wholesale death, smell of corruption, and agonized cries of the sick can do to the hearts and the minds of men who witness it. Secondly, there is the fact that Camus has chosen Oran for his beleagured city, a place well known to our expeditionary forces who landed there during the North African campaign: it is enough to induce us to read into his stirring parable any number of parallels which automatically identify

THE AUTHOR: For one buoyed by promises of more resplendent Fords and related goodies it is difficult to comprehend the sustained dolor that has apparently been the lot of Albert Camus. He was born in Mondovi, Algiers, in 1913, of working-class parents, has suffered intimately wars, depression, defeat. "Brought up in such a world, what did we believe in?" he asks. "Nothing . . . We still cannot accept any optimistic view of human existence." Distinguishing him from the Existentialists is his "atheistic humanism"—"If we believe that to be optimistic about human existence is madness, we also know that to be pessimistic about man's action among his fellow men is cowardly." His political essay "Le Mythe de Sisyphe" cued by the frustrated rock-pusher Sisyphus, about sums it up. Completed while teaching in Oran, scene for "The Plague," it passed Nazi censorship in 1942, as did the novel "L'Etranger" that year and, in 1944, the plays "Caligula" (written with his "Noces" essays at twenty-five) and "Le Malentendu." Meanwhile, although tubercular, Camus was body and pen in the Resistance. He co-founded and edited the clandestine *Combat,* now a respected overground daily. In it were his stirring "Lettres à un Ami Allemand." He impales the Right's chauvinism, the extreme Left's automatic responses; takes bows from critics of every school. Troubled students throng his Paris office as editorial director with publishers Gallimard. While studying philosophy at the University of Algiers, he had modest jobs with the weather bureau, Prefecture, an automobile accessory firm, a shipping company. With his first newspaper story, a denunciation of Kabylia conditions, he aroused the public, and officials. From 1935-38 he directed the theatrical troupe L'Equipe, produced along with other works "in which love of life mingled with despair" his translation of Aeschylus's "Prometheus," played the lead. Among his pleasures—Mediterranean bathing, sunning, simple amusements—it is to be hoped he finds some careless merriment.—R. G.

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these extraordinary events with the occupation of the Nazis. On the third level we find Camus employing symbolism in the same way that Sartre does. Only here, as I mentioned before, there is no existentialist doctrine to expound. The plague might even be looked on as life itself; or, as one of the characters in the book says:

> . . . . each of us has the plague within him, no one, no one on earth is free from it. And I know, too, that we must keep endless watch on ourselves lest in a careless moment we breathe in somebody's face and fasten the infection on him. What's natural is the microbe. All the rest—health, integrity, purity (if you like) is a product of the human will, of a vigilance that must never falter. All I maintain is that on this earth there are pestilences and there are victims, and it's up to us, so far as possible, not to join forces with the pestilences.

Camus apparently is speaking his mind through Tarrou, the purist in the book, who says: "I'd come to realize that all our troubles spring from our failure to use plain, clear-cut language." Since he is writing about events that by mere suggestion are enough to chill the blood and send clammy hands over the flesh, one finishes by singing Camus' praise for having used little or no adornments in his prose. A passage like the following is sufficient to make us more than grateful for the author's overall restraint: "That evening a neighbor of his old patient in the suburbs started vomiting, pressing his hand to his groin, and running a high fever accompanied by delirium. The ganglia were much bigger than M. Michel's. One of them was beginning to suppurate, and presently split open like an over-ripe fruit."

Whether the plague is a visitation of a wrathful, all-powerful God, likened to an avenging menace "threshing the air above the houses with its flail," or a fearful presence whistling in a dark, fever-choked bedroom, Dr. Rieux, the narrator; Tarrou, the reformer; Father Paneloux, the uneasy Jesuit priest; Rambert, the journalist; Grand, the official clerk; Cottard, the criminal, and their countless neighbors and fellow-sufferers, each must come to grips with his own self—according to his faith, his reason, his illusions, or sad lack of them. Dr. Rieux, looking back on those soul-shattering days when the plague still raged through Oran, arrives at certain conclusions worth noting.

The plague had taught men much about good and evil; it had brought the worst and the best out in some. It had forced the priest, Father Paneloux, to toy even with heresy in the sight of so much pain. It had been a comfort to Cottard running away from the police, for he could lose his own sense of fear in the reign of terror which fell on the citizens of that plague-swept city. To Rambert it restored his sense of duty and honor and gave him the courage to fight the misery of being separated from his wife. For Grand, it made him tired, but helped him forget his incoherency and devote himself feverishly to an absurd ideal. The plague also made the reconciliation of lovers an intense and touching experience after months of deprivation and loneliness. There was some answer to man's hope in knowing that if there was one thing that one could always yearn for and sometimes attain, it was human love. Rieux knows that where there is love, there is also some hope, and happiness may have at least a temporary dwelling there. But had the plague any answer for those "who aspired beyond and above the human individual toward something they could not even imagine?" Rieux, the good doctor, the honest, courageous healer, has to confess he does not know. Dedicated to saving lives if not souls, he is nonetheless fully aware that men like him must always be on hand to prevent "the plague" from completely laying waste a happy city.

Samaritan of the Slums

THE INVISIBLE ISLAND. By Irwin Stark. New York: The Viking Press. 1948. 377 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

IRWIN STARK, a young teacher in the New York public-school system, has attempted to reveal in his first novel what may happen to the idealist who grows up in a poorer district of the city, among the humble people who live by little jobs and who are subject to the violence, the prejudices, and fears that condition their lives. "The Invisible Island" is a novel written from within, and not around or about, New York. It could not be as vivid as it is, or as sincere in its devotion to the emotions that stir the man who dreams in the midst of confusion of a perfect society, if it were not autobiographical.

As a boy, Matthew Stratton was terrorized by gangs of young hoodlums, and knew all the dirty words that could be applied to Catholics, Negroes, Jews, and non-union workers. He was lucky, for he could dream of becoming a writer from the day when his ambition had been stirred by a humane and intelligent teacher. In time he became a teacher of English in a modern high school; but teaching indifferent and reasonably clean middle-class boys was not enough for him. He applied for a post in an ancient and grimy school in darkest Harlem. His attempt to bring some light into the blank and hostile eyes that stared at him from his crowded classroom was a terrifying experience for a man who believed that his duty was to create frightened human beings in the image of the Declaration of Independence.

—*Drawing by Allen Simon.*

Irwin Stark's book "could not be as vivid as it is, or as sincere, if it were not autobiographical."

The novel is developed in alternate sections in which the present is followed by the history of Matthew's development from a boy of nine up to the beginning of the actual story. In a measure, this device of Mr. Stark's is illuminating, for the boy and the man become one in the reader's mind. Toward the end when the past begins to touch the present it becomes more than a little confusing, as if one were listening to a story of the day before yesterday and today at the same moment.

There is a great deal more in the novel than the story of a white liberal teaching sullen Negro boys. Matthew's friends are inevitably of the same intellectual stripe, but instead of writing they drift into labor wars, or enlist in violent movements, or go to Spain to fight Franco, to return embittered radicals headed for Communism. Matthew himself discovers the anodyne of sex through a few thwarted affairs.

Matthew is the type of intellectual liberal who does not lack courage, but who chooses to use his intelli-

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gence rather than his body as a means to an end. He cannot wholeheartedly enter into one side of a conflict because he can always see a glimmer of light from the other. In the end he proves that it is better to live and go on with the fight against darkness and cruelty than to die of wounds, or to endure the half-life as a known enemy of organized society.

Altogether, "The Invisible Island" is a grim enough story, with few moments of youthful exuberance or happiness. It is rewarding to read since it reveals the evils gnawing at the heart of city life, but it is utterly serious and furrowed with care from beginning to end. The people in it have a way of making speeches at each other—eloquent speeches they are, to be sure, but sadly lacking in humor or the inconsequential charm of quite ordinary human conversation.

In Love with Fickle Waters

THE SMACKSMEN. By George Goldsmith Carter. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1948. 297 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by JOHN WOODBURN

FOR five hundred years the clean prows of fishing smacks out of Aldeburgh and Sloughden have split the skin of the East Anglian waters, ranging past the Hebrides and far into icy Arctic waters, in search of fishing grounds. A proud, stubborn, clannish man with sea-water in his blood, the East Anglian fisherman gave his heart to the sea in boyhood and never thought of asking for it back. Five ships were built, provisioned, and manned against Philip of Spain by the Fisherman Venturers of The Borough, as the Suffolk coastal villages were called, and early records described these indomitable Fisherman Venturers as ". . . a bold, artful, surly, savage race." George Goldsmith Carter, author of "The Smacksmen," is a Suffolk man, born in the Borough town of Aldeburgh, and his book is as full of fish and salt water as the sea off Sloughden Quay. It is not, however, bold, artful, surly, or savage. It is written with a rough tenderness, a disarming devotion, and in old-fashioned, strangely anachronistic style. Mr. Carter is plainly in love with his subject, without the illusions of infatuation, and the steady light of his affection shines like a lighthouse throughout the book. I have said that Mr. Carter's style is old-fashioned, and it is, but for the benefit of the tender-minded, always one of my deepest concerns, I should amend that by saying the dialogue is upon occasion relaxed and earthy, if such a word may be used about a book almost entirely concerned with the sea, and he makes it plain that the urge to go down to the sea in ships does not vitiate all others, including the biological.

The story of "The Smacksmen," which I felt was unintentionally secondary, concerns itself with two village families, the Ropners and Turnbulls. John Ropner and Sam Turnbull are young men bred to the sea, deep-water friends who have married each other's sisters. They buy and outfit an ill-fated smack called *The White Lady,* contend daily with the fickle waters, raise their families, and unquestioningly accept the precarious life which is the only one they know. When Sam is swept overboard in a storm John becomes a sort of foster-father to young Roger Turnbull, teaches him the traditional techniques of seamanship and netting. When the submarines of the First World War invade the East Anglian sea, John quietly joins up, serves on a minesweeper. As the years pass he watches the hated steam trawlers replace the graceful fishing boats, stubbornly clings to the old ways. At the end of the book young Roger is the proud skipper of a trawler while John Ropner, beached by age and doomed by a cancer, suns himself on the wharf, dreaming of the days when the trim *White Lady* sailed out from The Borough with a bone in her teeth.

That is pretty much all there is to the story, which really serves as a string to which Mr. Carter ties a great deal of lore, of history, tall fo'c's'le tales, and an enormous amount of both general and specific information about the profession of deep-sea fishing. Actually, "The Smacksmen," whether Mr. Carter knows it or not, is a documentary, and quite a good one, which has been given a semblance of form and chronology by the use of a simple plot. The documentary quality is furthered by the inclusion of a glossary which, if you are not too lazy to keep turning to the back of the book, may help to decode the author's carefully phoneticized dialogue. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Proof-Readers should do something about the East Anglian dialect. It makes rocky reading, and I have the feeling that it must sound like a man talking with his teeth well-set on the rim of a mug of old and bitter.

Jaded Young Man

THE DISTANT TROJANS. By Virginia Hathaway Chapman. New York: Random House. 1948. 245 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

THE subject matter of Miss Chapman's novel (her first, I think) may prove pallid fare for many readers; there may even be some trouble in determining just what the subject matter is. But no perceptive reader is going to put her book down without the sense of having been party to an auspicious debut. I have felt less promise in some writers who have come hurtling to prominence with a first novel full-fashioned at the very height of their powers. Miss Chapman has but unsheathed her claws; her best is certainly to come, and I should say it ought to be something superlative.

Let us see first what she has done here. Generally her theme may be defined as an analysis of the spiritual disease of a very jaded young man. Jaded not by experience but by condition; for this Godfrey Garrick is part of a family so wealthy, for so long, as to nullify any description of it in terms of just money. This family exists in a remarkable detachment, like a plant that has no longer any need of the ordinary dirty roots or the blustering air; it floats in an airless milieu all its own and subsists upon its own juices. And upon it, to complete the tangled simile, there hangs a leaf with some dim biological knowledge that there are other airs more vigorous than this, and other vital saps it might be wonderful to feel in its veins. Such, vitiated but aware of vitiation, is Godfrey Garrick.

His will is thoroughly sunk in disease. His behavior is conditioned, utterly. But his mind is free and hovers above him, pricking vengefully at what he does and sees—the family conclaves, the teas, the little tempests, the fine arts of performing nothing with exceeding grace. His revenge is in a constant acid commentary, sometimes Wildean (" 'Mother,' I said, more gently, because she spoke the truth, 'they say one is as old as one's desires. And I should think you were sufficiently rapacious to be adolescent.' ") and more often in the spirit of Joyce ("We are all out of stock, all duplicates, all shopworn. . . . Pressed into protoplasm with a rubber stamp . . .").

If there is a focal point in the book it is the question of escape into love, which Garrick debates endlessly with

(*Continued on page* 29)

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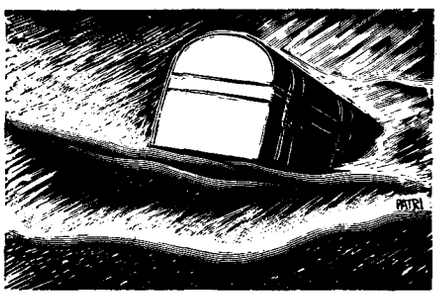
Poetry. *If this were an age of poetry, instead of one in which most men have no time for it and would as soon be caught knitting as reading a book of verse in public, this week's sheaf of reviews would be starred in our memory. Robinson Jeffers, perhaps our foremost poet, has brought out a new collection, "The Double Axe and Other Poems," in which the foreword and the text itself will lead to violent political controversy. In addition, there is a new and complete edition of Emily Dickinson's verse, and the collected poems of Robert P. Tristram Coffin, breathing the true accents of the fields and woodlands of Maine. In Jeffers and Coffin you face opposite realms of poetry: the expression of an individual philosophy and the musical and placid interpretation of nature.*

Transhuman Magnificence

THE DOUBLE AXE AND OTHER POEMS. By Robinson Jeffers. New York: Random House. 1948. 149 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by SELDEN RODMAN



THE appearance, after seven years of virtual silence, of a substantial collection of characteristic narrative and shorter poems by Robinson Jeffers would be an event under ordinary circumstances. But spiked, as this one is, with a belligerently "isolationist" preface by the author and on the following page with a statement of disagreement from the publishers, it bids fair to evoke as violent a reception as "Roan Stallion, Tamar, and Other Poems" did in 1925. In the preface Jeffers defines his philosophical attitude as "Inhumanism, a shifting of emphasis from man to not-man; the rejection of human solipsism and recognition of the transhuman magnificence." This attitude, he goes on to say, "involves no falsehoods . . . it has objective truth and human value. It offers a reasonable detachment as rule of conduct, instead of love, hate, and envy. It neutralizes fanaticism and wild hopes. . . ." So far, except perhaps for the tone of omniscience and the misleading implication that Jeffers's driving motivation is not hatred of mankind, readers will find nothing new here. But the poet then proceeds to state that American intervention in the Second World War was "not forced but intentional"—and criminal—and he adds in poem after poem that American blood was needlessly shed at the behest of a "liar" whose motivation was "power," "ambition," and "vanity."

Before commenting further on this point of view and the poems which are inspired by it, the reviewer would like to clarify his own position in two respects. As an admirer of Jeffers's verse, he included twenty-five pages of it in his Modern Library anthology in 1938, and again this year two poems in his Penguin "100 American Poems." As a non-interventionist in pre-Pearl Harbor days, the reviewer believed (and still believes) that failure to insist in advance on enlightened peace terms made a catastrophic third conflict almost inevitable. But from there on to assume (as Jeffers does) that Germany could have been permitted to impose total slavery on the rest of the world, that our leaders spoke only for themselves and from the vilest of motives, and that from now on we have nothing better to do than give our hearts to the hawks, seems to this reviewer totally irresponsible, politically, poetically, humanly.

Having said this, it remains to be said that Random House deserves credit for publishing this book. Jeffers, whatever one may think of his philosophy, remains as close to a major poet as we have. We have much to learn from him. It did not require a play ("Medea," 1946) to establish his preeminence in dramatics. The first part of the title poem in "The Double Axe" is as gripping and powerfully paced as any of his early narratives. In the shorter pieces he retains that ability, shown sporadically by MacLeish and Sandburg in the Thirties and then abandoned by them, to speak straight (and hotly) on "hot" political issues without hedging his meaning in any of the fashionable contortions of symbolic double-talk, and without sacrificing the spare magnificence of his own style. We must respect his integrity.

Jeffers has never been a poet's poet. That is his strength, and his limitation, too. He belongs in the ranks of Dryden and Byron, Whitman and Lindsay, not in the company of Milton and Keats and Eliot. He fashioned a tool —unadorned and forceful but slack enough to contain description, speech,

Man Sometimes Helps

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

MAN, for all his michief, sometimes helps
Furred and feathered kind that live by able
Husbandry of seasons, winds, and sun,
When he mows, he sets the birds a table,
They follow after, feasting on the horde
Of insects he has robbed of bed and board.

Man builds his barn so high to house his hay
He brings the sky in, too, the swallows dart
And feed their young upon the wing with wide
Scrollwork of exuberant outdoors art.
The verandahs where man sits and talks
Are houses never shadowed by the hawks.

Birds and beasts are glad when farmers grow
Like Winter on their hair and stiff of knee,
The rabbits move in through the broken fence,
The woodchucks take the cellar in staid glee,
Foxes take over the plot with slanting stones
Where the farmer hopes to lay his bones.

If people dread to see the shingles fall
And rust break old line-fences, birds rejoice,
For each nail pulled by frost is a new nail
In a house where small birds try their treble voice.
Stonewalls are safer hills than ones of earth,
Beams make the best tree for a robin's birth.

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—*Edward Weston.* —*Sadie Adriani.*

Robinson Jeffers: ". . . corruption / Never has been compulsory"... ["Rome Stallion" 1925] **. . . "The unsocial birds are a greater race" . . . ["Cawdor" 1928]** **. . . "Does it matter whether you hate your . . . self?" . . . ["Solstice" 1935]** **. . . "Oh, well: the future! When man stinks, turn to God." ["The Double Axe" 1948].**

Rangy Mind and Lyric Tongue

COLLECTED POEMS OF ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 446 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by MARTHA BACON

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN, in his preface to this new and enlarged edition of his collected poems, gives us an interesting view of his own personal approach to poetry, and the reader will do well to investigate his sprightly and sympathetic introduction to his book. He discloses the ideas and principles that motivate a life devoted to poetry, and it is worth while to have his remarks in mind.

Mr. Coffin is one of our most prolific poets. Poetry is the air he breathes; it is in fact his natural speech. One feels that he breaks as easily into quatrains as most of us do into more usual forms of exclamation, and there is no subject which his rangy mind does not cover. But his favorite field is the Maine countryside to which he is native, and he brings it to us in all its infinite variety of season and hour. He has a downright Maine sense of humor and a good New England bluntness. He does not shrink from strong common words and phrases and he uses them more than frequently with excellent effect. He can tell a story so that you want to know what happens next and he can describe a character so that you believe in his existence. For me, however, his best moments are in those shorter lyrical poems in which he describes an animal or a landscape conveying implications of beauty or sadness in a highly personal and perceptive manner. There is "Strange Holiness" for example:

I have come upon its track
Where trilliums curled their petals
back.

I have seen it flash in under
The towers of the midngiht thunder.

This last is a memorable poem, both for its beauty of expression and for its image of the fox with the fish in his jaws, stopped on the trail. Another fine one is the "Raccoon Hunt":

The boy still small enough to be
kissed
Walks a wild world of silver mist,
.....
Down comes the dainty and the
dark
Creature, beautiful and lost,
Creature with the rings like frost
Scrolled around his tail and lies
In the lantern light and dies.

This is a book for many readers and they will have different reasons for liking it. Mr. Coffin is a poet who writes about things that we all experience in language that we cannot fail to understand. He is honest, direct, simple, and achieves at times a high rate of Doric beauty, or perhaps not so much Doric as state of Maine.

stage-directions, and asides—and let it go at that. Jeffers is never obscure. And by the same token he is almost never quotable. "Black-fanged rocks and high-grinning snow-teeth" is the limit of his imagery. Nuances of tone, ambiguities of meaning, felicities of language and music, are not to be looked for in his verse. But how many poets since Shakespeare have combined all these with over-all directness and dramatic power?

It is ironical that Jeffers, the philosophical heir of Nietzsche and Spengler and the spokesman of rabid isolationism, should be the only contemporary American poet capable of communicating with a wide audience in the grand manner, or apparently desiring to. It is sad that as the years go by he repeats himself endlessly; that he elects to close his eyes to human heroism and goodness and to man-made beauty; and that he feels compelled to add more than his quota of hatred and violence to the hatred and violence abroad in the world, while he sits in that properly inhuman stone tower of his waiting exultantly for the Bomb.

Sunday Night Local from the Shore

By Kate Brackett

WE have the bird house from the zoo
in front of us. The children strew
crackers and litter, fight for water,
chatter and scream and strut and flutter.
Women behind us, too
are full of urgent matter.

Across the aisle
long-stemmed young girls tilt flower heads and smile,
combing their shining hair.
Secret their words and few; their arms are bare
and colored amber, copper, cream.
Their hands rest, their eyes dream.

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Beating a Path to an Amherst Garden

EMILY DICKINSON POEMS: First & Second Series. Edited by Mabel Loomis Todd & T. W. Higginson. Cleveland & New York: The World Publishing Co. 1948. 256 *pp.* $1.25.

Reviewed by ALFRED KREYMBORG

IN these days of fantastic inflation, when the price of books, along with the price of existence, has flown beyond the reach of the average being, it is a happy event to find the first and second series of Emily Dickinson's poems in one complete volume, and at a figure any reader can well afford. The book is charmingly printed and bound, with dashing illustrations by Leon Jacobsen and a fine prelude by Carl Van Doren, along with the original preludes by Emily's friends, Mabel Loomis Todd and Thomas Wentworth Higginson. An intense and original art, that began in obscurity and was first issued posthumously in an edition of less than five hundred copies, is now set forth in the classic state of popularity. For what was mortal once becomes immortal, not on some highbrow shelf, but through the daily consumption of average people.

The intimate letters and often illegible poems Emily sent to her neighbors or left under doorsteps have finally brought the world to her Amherst garden, a plot of ground as secret and universal as the Garden of Eden. And the original theme of her communion is appropriately reset at the head of this volume:

This is my letter to the world,
That never wrote to me, —
The simple news that Nature told,
With tender majesty.

Her message is committed
To hands I cannot see;
For love of her, sweet countrymen,
Judge tenderly of me!

After the books and essays which have been written about Emily Dickinson—the controversial biographies, the Freudian explorations, and the plays and ballets in which she figures as the protagonist — there is little or nothing to add by the lordly critic. Even now, two generations after her death, she is a creature divine enough to escape earthly definition, and the most captivating of all American poets. Much though I've always derided our chain-store system, I heartily recommend a visit to your nearest drug-counter for a bottle of the elixir of life that was Emily's and the balm her genius exhales against worldly ills.

Always a Good Noise

HOW TO ENJOY POETRY. By Robert Farren. New York: Sheed & Ward. 238 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

MEN lose their taste for poetry much as children lose their innocence—by evil communications and a false sense of manliness. Other things help, of course. A man—Charles Darwin is the classic example—may devote himself so exclusively to some other way of truth that his power to appreciate poetry atrophies: men become too occupied with business or genuinely have no leisure or ruin their literary digestion by consumption of bilge. Still, by and large, most men and women, especially the smart, the cute, the sophisticate, the tough babies, the go-getters—in short, the dullards cease to pursue poetry just as they cease to pursue virtue. Such pursuit would keep them from the pursuit of the mischievous aims that are their desire.

The great virtue of Mr. Farren's enthusiastic book is that the author sees clearly that, until taste is corrupted, poetry is loved. All children (if there are exceptions, we know what that proves) are natural lovers of poetry, if we do not narrow our definition of poetry to exclude nursery rhymes, Shakespeare's songs, the ballads, the poems of Edward Lear and Lewis Carroll. Some children enjoy poems long before they can understand them. I knew a boy who, before he was five years old, to the annoyance of his elder brothers, the amusement of his parents, and his own intense delight read aloud the choruses from "Samson Agonistes." Now this kind of enjoyment is something which the good teacher must encourage and educate; it is Mr. Farren's object to make this joy an intelligent joy.

I imagine his talks are directed to teen-age Irish children, with an occasional glance towards older boys and girls. He begins with a discussion of humorous and satiric verse, with a special note on the epigram. He shows how much of the poetic is to be found in phrases and even words—higgledy-piggledy—which are not formally poetry. He does not ignore the limerick or the epitaph, and thence he goes on

Publisher's Gallery

—*Drawn from life by Norkin.*

XI: Henry Z. Walck

In 1945 Henry Z. Walck, at the respectable but not overpowering age of 36, was elevated to the top position in the American branch of the heavily-traditioned Oxford University Press, following six years as acting manager. He got his start in publishing in the printing plant of G. P. Putnam's after the 1929 crash, which wrecked the pleasure-craft market, had cast him up on Manhattan Island. By 1933, he had become v.p. and treas. of Putnam's Book Store; by 1935, he had been hired away by Prentice-Hall; a year later, he began his connection with Oxford as treas.

If *SRL* took Mr. Walck at his pleading word, the accent here would be on the 4¾-centuries-old Oxford U. Press of England and the so-called American Branch, which is neither a university press nor a branch, but a separately incorporated (1896) U.S. publishing house. Business is good at Oxford —there is that perennial best seller the Oxford Bible and "Toynbee has become almost an industry"—and its manager has statistics at tongue- and finger-tip to document it. Watching the Republican convention from England, on his annual trip, he decided we might well prune our electoral "weaknesses" and graft on some of Britain's "strengths." He is an Independent —his 1944 vote was cast for Norman Thomas "as a protest"—but doubts he will go to the polls this fall.

He looks like a "family man"—he is bringing up a son, 12, and daughter, 5, in a woodside Plandome (L.I.) home—, is gently humorous and lazy (self-styled). He himself grew up in his father's native Greencastle, Pa., of ancestry "probably German on both sides." No one knows whence the unusual family name was derived. His theory: "Someone in the family got in trouble and changed the spelling."

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to the narrative and the ballad. Every chapter is copiously illustrated with quotations, most of them very happily chosen; it is a pity, however, that Mr. Farren did not give, when he is discussing the epitaph, examples of Kipling's superb ones, such as "The Coward":

I could not look on Death: which being known
Men led me to him, blindfold and alone.

After discussing "Obstacles, The Sense of a Poem and Imagery" Mr. Farren comes to more technical subjects such as metre, rhythm, vowels, and consonants. His examples run from Shakespeare, the Jacobeans, the ballads to Browning (for whom he has a most welcome and unfashionable enthusiasm), Francis Thompson, Gerard Manley Hopkins, and Yeats. In his discussion on metre I wish he had said a little more about what is wrong with the anapaest, so detested by Yeats. I gather Mr. Farren shares this dislike since, though naturally (he's a Dublin man himself) he quotes very generously from Anglo-Irish poets, he gives us no poem of Thomas Moore's —and Moore deserves a place in a book which emphasizes so strongly the sound of words, and their beauty.

Indeed here perhaps is the book's chief weakness. It is true that great poetry is always a good noise; but it is not for the noise only poetry is desirable and to be pursued. "Heard melodies are sweet" wrote one of the greatest masters of music "but those unheard are sweeter." Even on this level the overtones may matter most: and it is always in the end the meaning and the communication which are important. Poetry is what the theologians call "a sacremental"—it takes us into another realm where it and we obtain contact with reality. Mr. Farren, after quoting "The Lady of Shalott," writes:

We repeat that delight is the first and last end of poetry,
never mind what mediate ends its riches may serve.

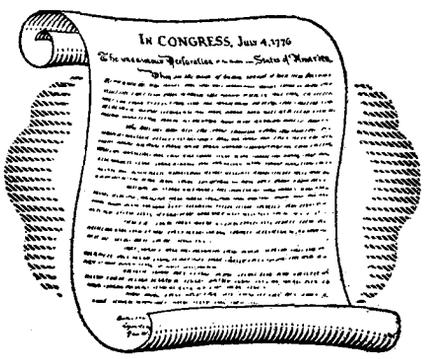
But delight only will not serve. We have delight when we read George Herbert's "The Collar" or Francis Thompson's "The Kingdom of God" (from which Mr. Farren unluckily drops the last stanza); but we have more than delight. We are in touch with the beauty which is truth; and what honest man can refuse to admit that, surprising himself in that realm, he does not entertain discomfort, even shame, as well as delight? And from that experience he gains a greater happiness than the delight accorded by listening to the liquid syllables of such a poem as Tennyson's lovely, dreamlike, lulling landscape.

Personal History. *So greatly do men rejoice in myths and false information that only now, nearly a century and a half after our revolution, is the story of that period being told in adequate detail. The older histories and biographies are being replaced by books containing a new wealth of information like John C. Miller's two volumes on the Revolution, Dumas Malone's recent first instalment on Jefferson, Irving Brant's two volumes on Madison, and Herbert S. Allan's resurrection of John Hancock, reviewed below. . . . But one happy legend will never die. The cherry tree myth, we daresay—first perpetrated seven years after Washington's death in the fifth edition of Parson Weems's best-selling life of the general—will not succumb even to the erudition of Douglas Southall Freeman, now working on a definitive biography of Washington.*

Front Man for the Revolution

JOHN HANCOCK: PATRIOT IN PURPLE. By Herbert S. Allan. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 422 *pp.* $6.

Reviewed by RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.



EVERY American schoolboy and his sister knows how John Hancock affixed his bold, ornate signature to the Declaration of Independence, declaring, "There! John Bull can read my name without spectacles." Every American old enough to sign a legal paper has sometime referred to the act as "putting on my John Hancock." But that is about all the name of one of the moving spirits of the American Revolution means to twentieth-century Americans.

Earlier generations scarcely did Hancock justice, either. After he died, John Adams said that if "statutes, obilesks, pyramids, or divine honors were ever merited," Hancock deserved them; but during Hancock's lifetime, Adams is reputed to have likened him to an "empty barrel." Massachusetts heaped honors upon him while he lived, but waited a century after his death to erect a simple shaft to his memory.

Mr. Allan's notable achievement in this book is to provide us with not only the first full acount of Hancock's career ever published, but the insight into his complex and often contradictory personality we need to understand his reputation. In Hancock's veins flowed the blood of Puritan divines; from his uncle he inherited a mercantile and shipping business that had produced one of the largest fortunes in America. But John became so absorbed in Whig politics that the House of Hancock crumbled away a decade after it became his.

For the American patriotic cause Hancock made an invaluable front man. He gave generously of his fortune and lent the prestige of his social position. His appearance and manner were impressive, his rendering of ghost-written speeches highly effective. He served conspicuously, if not always with distinction, in the legislature and the Continental Congress; he was a presiding officer of the latter body, which entitles him to be considered an early "President of the United States." A somewhat reluctant rebel, once he became convinced that independence was the colonies' only salvation, he risked his neck by putting his "John Hancock" on the Declaration a month before the other Congressmen. (Incidentally, Mr. Allan suggests that Hancock never really made the exclamation long credited to him.) He was an extremely popular if mediocre Governor of Massachusetts during nine terms. Though he was ever jealous of the prerogatives of his state, he threw his support to the adoption of the Federal Constitution.

There were some things about John Hancock that were pathetic and many that were ludicrous. He succeeded in marrying Dorothy Quincy after a prolonged and arduous courtship, but could never feel confident of the love of that spoinel belle. His vanity and

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hypersensitivity, his foppish dress, and extravagant way of life irritated contemporaries who lacked a sense of humor. He suffered—and enjoyed—the recurring tortures of gout. He was myopic about his own capabilities, and was unable to conceal his disappointment when George Washington, rather than himself, was selected to command the Revolutionary Army. Later, as Governor of Massachusetts, he cut a comic figure trying to "pull rank" on President Washington.

Mr. Allan's revealing portrait is the product of thorough research and thoughtful analysis. He expresses himself judiciously and often vigorously.

But like many another biographer, Mr. Allan has had trouble deciding how much background material his narrative requires. He tells us, for example, far too much about the life and times of Hancock's ancestors and nowhere near enough about the organization of the patriotic movement in the colonies.

Again, whenever Mr. Allan reaches a matter that has been the subject of controversy—Hancock's supposed "flight" with some of the funds of Harvard College is a case in point—he tends to be overcautious. As he pauses to quote the varying opinions of eyewitnesses and Monday morning quarterbacks, then renders his own verdict merely by quoting another historian, his work loses its narrative pace and its tone of authority. Of course there is a place for the sifting of evidence and minority reports in a work of scholarship like Mr. Allan's: they belong in the notes at the back of the book.

But these literary shortcomings are only surface blemishes on what is essentially a trustworthy and illuminating picture of a vain, intellectually average man, whose courage and dedication to the patriotic cause enabled him to achieve a measure of greatness.

For Linda on her First Birthday

By S. L. M. B.

LINDA, linden, linnet:
Every lovely thing,
Green leaf laughing, quick-seen wing,
Sprung from earth's primordial
Liquefaction, all things cordial
To waters moving, bird dipping,
Branch waving, rain dripping—
Let this element be your stead
To guide your hands, uphold your head;
L your letter, ever flowing;
Bless your coming, bless your going,
Till, a disembodied drop,
You are distilled from a treetop.

Son Without Stork

PATRICK CALLS ME MOTHER. By Ann Barley. New York: Harper & Bros. 1948. 227 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by PAMELA TAYLOR

ON the day when Ann Barley's engagement was broken "by mutual consent" chance and a defiant refusal to be down-hearted sent her to a Washington party at which she encountered an affable Dutchman, in this country on a mission connected with food. Before coming to Washington to take a war job, Miss Barley had been earning "enough to support a small family" in New York, and had for some time thought—without ever actually getting around to doing anything about it—that she would like to adopt a baby. When the Dutchman began to talk of the thousands of starving orphans in Holland she reached a sudden decision. She was utterly free of commitments, either business or emotional. Why not go to Holland, quickly, and adopt one of these orphans?

The Dutchman promised his help, and after a few strenuous weeks of buying and trying to pack all the diverse and unlikely things which kind friends and interested chance acquaintances said she would need for her trip, she was on her way, traveling as a "foreign correspondent." This record of her experiences is her honorable amend for the slight prevarication as to her status.

Paris in 1945, Ann Barley found, was not a place where one was comfortable. Cold, half sick, and endlessly entangled in the red tape which getting into Holland seemed to involve, she spent the wretched weeks of waiting in looking into the situation of the French orphans, thinking that at least she might do a series of articles on their heartbreaking plight. When her trip to Holland was finally arranged she encountered there the same series of tragic stories in a different language, the same, gallant, indomitable men and women trying to help the innocent victims of a world disaster, and trying against staggering odds.

It was not in Holland after all, however, that Miss Barley finally found her baby; it was in France; and he was irresistible even at nine months. He came trailing the inevitable complications of formula, of paraphernalia, of unexplained illness, and equally startling recoveries in which any baby, ready-made or no, immediately embroils his entourage. Because his new mother was lodged in a hotel supposedly open only to American businessmen, her life immediately became even more complex. But eventually she and her Patrick reached Washington. Even there, on home ground, there was still something to be lived through, for Patrick's story caught the imagination of the press, and overnight he became a front-page story. But like everything else he took it in his stride; the time required for acclimatization was zero. He was at once a small but convinced American.

—*Harris & Ewing.*

Anne Barley "makes a few points that are hard to put out of the mind."

Her readers will rejoice with Miss Barley at the happy ending of her search, for her whole story is told with such debonair gaiety and amused good nature that it is obvious young Patrick will grow up in an enviable home. But "Patrick Calls Me Mother" is more than an entertaining account of adopting a baby, more even than an account of adopting a baby under touching and unusual circumstances. Because she never belabors it, and because her discoveries are always incidental to a personal search, Miss Barley's account of the terrible difficulties with which those agencies struggling to save the war orphans of the Continent must contend is that much more moving and poignant. Some stories of tremendous dramatic impact are uncovered. By her almost casual but never casual reporting, Miss Barley makes a few points which are hard to put out of the mind.

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Gadfly of Progress

NOBODY OWNS US: The Story of Joe Gilbert. By Davis Douthit. New York: The Cooperative League of the USA. 1948. 240 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by SAMUEL T. WILLIAMSON

THOSE of us who believe in the profit motive as a sparkplug of progress have few martyrs. So far as is known, no underground in Sovietized countries upholds with holy zeal the right to pocket the difference between cost and selling price, although uncounted opportunists buy and sell in black markets. Our side lacks rebels who simply for the hell of it go down the line for free enterprise. Sewell Avery defied high-handed authority but won no halo, and the picture of this Midwestern rebel being lugged out of his office by two soldiers is not likely to hang on schoolhouse walls as a reminder of free men's obligation to resist tyranny.

With some diffidence, therefore, we turn to Mr. Douthit's account of another Midwestern rebel dedicated to the proposition that nobody could order him around. Joe Gilbert, now turning eighty-three, is almost forgotten by Eastern prophets and evangels of new social orders, possibly because he did not work in such big-time as Madison Square Garden mass meetings. But in the Dakotas, Minnesota, and Nebraska, grizzled veterans of the Nonpartisan League, relics of the Farmer Labor Party, and latter-day missionaries of the cooperative movement know him well. He sensed what so few organizers of the discontented realize: that the most effective protest movements in this country stem from supposedly conservative farmers kicking over the dashboard. His biographer presents him as one of the "gadflies of human progress."

Joe Gilbert also gets thirteen pages in Zachariah Chafee's monumental "Free Speech in the United States." In 1920 he had a burst of national publicity when upholding by the Supreme Court of the United States of Minnesota's curious sedition law required Gilbert to serve fifteen months in jail for having spoken disrespectfully of World War I. Judged by today's standards, he was a martyr for free speech, a martyrdom which enabled him to catch up on his reading.

English-born and unwilling to conform, he came to America, worked in carpet factories, studied and practised law, gold-rushed to Alaska and back, embraced Socialism, which he preached across the country's northwest quarter, later joined the Nonpartisan League and became national organizer; and after his jail term took up with the cooperative movement, not because it enables one to get more for less but as a "peaceful revolution in the affairs of mankind."

His story is told with little art, some dulness, but much sincerity, and the reader must imagine for himself what spell Gilbert cast over his audiences. The book aroused in this reviewer renewed curiosity as to why missionaries of new social orders and of heaven on earth fail to win more converts than preachers of a life hereafter; yet numerically they fail. Despite an oratorical ability to charm little birds off the trees, Gilbert was unable to maintain unity among the brethren for long. Someone else horned in on the movement or took over the job he held at the moment, and off went Joe Gilbert to pastures new.

Perhaps his greatest inconsistency as a non-conformist was to uphold for a time the self-appointed, self-perpetuating control which Alfred C. Townely held over the Nonpartisan League, which swept over the Dakotas and into Minnesota. "This gigantic machine," said Gilbert "must be under one supreme authority and that authority must be absolute." And that is a mistake which, as the history of the last fifteen years bears out, is common and costly to both radical idealists and extreme conservatives.

MP Sketches of VIP

PERSONALITY IN POLITICS. By Sir Arthur Salter. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 253 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

BY far the greater part of Sir Arthur Salter's book is taken up with character sketches of political leaders he has known in his long and distinguished career in the British Civil Service, as professor at Oxford, and as member of Parliament. Balfour, Lloyd George, MacDonald, Neville Chamberlain, Churchill, Bryce, Haldane, Wilson, Franklin Roosevelt, and Mussolini are drawn at some length, and other French, American, and Chinese political figures more briefly. Wells and Keynes, neither of whom was exactly a politician, but who were both well known to Sir Arthur, also are given separate chapters.

Sir Arthur has chosen his figures, not because they make a unified group, but because he knew them in some way, if only as a subordinate worker in the early days of his career as a civil servant. This book then is in part autobiographical, and has the leisurely flow of recollection and anecdote that is part of such writing. Perhaps Sir Arthur will take heart from the good reception this little book has already had in England, and give us a

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

MARKED CHARACTERS

The characters who appear in this week's quiz were marked in various ways. Can you identify them and name either the story in which they appeared or the author who created them? Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 24.

1. A griffin tattoed in vermilion on this dying warrior's arm identified him to his slayer.
2. The presence of two moles on this man's neck just under his collar was of immense importance in deciding both his identity and a law suit.
3. A birthmark in the shape of a butterfly established the paternity of this baby boy.
4. On the right forearm of this intended murder victim was branded a triangle inside a circle.
5. This infamous woman had a *fleur-de-lis* branded on her left shoulder.
6. This charming and beautiful lady had only one defect—a birthmark on her left cheek in the shape of a tiny hand.
7. Some eyewitnesses declared that this minister had the letter "A" branded on his breast.
8. This impetuous youth, during an argument over a poker hand, killed another youth who had a flying eagle tattooed on the back of his left hand, and later, by means of a duplicate tattoo on his own hand, took the dead man's place in the bosom of his loving family.
9. This cannibalistic harpooner was tattooed with large black squares all over his body.
10. These scoundrely imposters, posing as the close relatives of a dead man, managed to save their skins when the real relatives showed up by starting an argument over what was tattooed on his chest.

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full autobiography. It may well be true that autobiography is the great literary vice of our time, and that almost everyone with access to a typewriter and a publisher has hammered out an autobiography—preferably before he reached forty. But too few men with Sir Arthur's gifts for the analysis of character—and of ideas—, with his wide acquaintance of people who get things done, and with his great experience of the world, have written autobiographies. The historian, at least, will hope that Sir Arthur will continue in one form or another his contributions.

But this book is something more than a series of contemporary portraits. Briefly, all too briefly, Sir Arthur frames his portraits in between introductory and concluding essays on the place of personality in politics. Here he comes up against one of the great intellectual puzzles men have long worried over, a puzzle to which men like Carlyle, Tolstoy, and Marx gave different and unsatisfactory solutions—unsatisfactory at least in the sense that their solutions have not, like Walter Reed's solution of the problem of yellow fever, gained the universal acceptance of all concerned with the problem. This is, of course, the old question as to whether great and near great men make history, or whether impersonal forces, trends, habits, fate, or providence make history. As a specific example, how far were the personalities of Chamberlain, Hitler, and Mussolini responsible for Munich? Or, just from the English side, were the forces that developed in England between the two wars such that, if not Chamberlain, somebody like Chamberlain simply had to go to Munich and sign?

Sir Arthur does not pretend, in these few pages, to solve this puzzle. At times, he seems like a good Englishman to imply that since it can't be solved we oughtn't to worry about it. But it does worry him, the more since like so many of his contemporaries he seems to feel that "forces" in the modern world are working against the kind of free society he was brought up in. He believes that the individual wills of leaders do at decisive moments turn events and institutions in directions they had not yet conclusively taken, and that therefore the education of our leaders, the choice of our leaders, is one of the most important factors in the preservation of democracy. A free society, he believes, has in the long run definite strengths an autocratic society has not. It must try to cultivate in the short run and in ordinary times the strength of leadership it somehow, in Roosevelt and Churchill, produced in the late crisis.

Creditor of a Generation

PARK BENJAMIN: Poet and Editor. By Merle M. Hoover. New York: Columbia University Press. 1948. 229 *pp.* $3.

POEMS OF PARK BENJAMIN. With introduction and notes by Merle M. Hoover. The same. 1948. 209 *pp.* $3.

GENEALOGY OF PARK BENJAMIN. By Merle M. Hoover. The same. 78 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

FOR nearly a century (he died in 1864), Park Benjamin was almost completely neglected; hardly even a sketch of his career could be found, and no part of his numerous fugitive writings—poems, essays, criticisms—was collected in book form. Now, at long last, he has received far ampler and more scholarly treatment than any of his associates in the business of magazine-making 1835-1860. In these three volumes, a judicious biography, a well-edited selection of one hundred poems, and a combined genealogy and bibliography of Benjamin, Dr. Hoover has made available all the facts and literary material that any student of the busy editor's career could wish.

Benjamin, partly by his own merits and partly by his representative position, was well worth the pains. In half a dozen ways he placed his generation in his debt. He was the first critic to call wide attention to the genius of Nathaniel Hawthorne; as editor of the *New England Magazine* in 1834-35 he published a dozen tales, he gave Hawthorne favorable critical notices as they appeared, and in 1837 he blew a resounding trumpet-blast of praise in the *American Monthly.* Benjamin gave aid and sympathy to another struggling young American, Horace Greeley, a little later in the eighteen-thirties. He edited a department in Greeley's *New Yorker* 1838-39, and did much to improve the literary standards of that journal. On leaving Greeley, Benjamin founded the *New World,* and in the next half dozen years made it of considerable importance in popular education. It not only pirated Dickens, Bulwer, and other British favorites, but brought out Walt Whitman's sensational (and worthless) temperance novel "Franklin Evans," and published such works as Epes Sargent's life of Henry Clay. Meanwhile Benjamin scattered his verse far and wide, and his lugubrious poems like "The Departed" attained popularity. When his magazines failed, he became a welcome Lyceum lecturer.

Altogether, the lame editor had an active career, with touches of adventure in his share in the "moral war" against James Gordon Bennett and in the concerted attacks on Fenimore Cooper that resulted in the "Effingham" libel suits. Mr. Hoover succeeds not only in making it an interesting story, but in throwing much new light upon the slash-and-stab literary criticism of the time, and the sensational magazine methods. Poe, crediting Benjamin in 1841 with an influence second to no other editor in the land, remarked upon his "causticity." He had enterprise as well; what he did not possess was balance, substance, or staying power. It is evident from these volumes that he had little of his own to say—in verse he said practically nothing, and said it lamely; we meet only echoes. But he helped other and better men to say something, and his presentation copies from Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Motley, and others showed he was appreciated. He missed the last great chance of his life when, authorized by Lincoln in a letter of January 19, 1863, to prepare a biography, and invited to come to the White House to get material, he did nothing about it.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 267

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 267 *will be found in the next issue.*

D BLNGLRH MWDHP, QKH

CSKQH DN EPWH FLHN

OSK WA LCKRWHDSA.

EDTNSA ZDXALB

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 266

Absence sharpens love; presence strengthens it.

THOMAS FULLER—GNOMOLOGIA.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Why Write?

WRITERS may be an irritable and temperamental *genus* of *homo sapiens,* but the writer is much more a *homo* than he is a *genus.* With certain exceptions, he responds to life very much as do his differently gifted, or his ungifted, fellow mortals. As, for example, he loves to justify whatever he wants to do by a generalization, and the less unspecified the generalization the more useful he finds it.

There has rarely been a book or a collection of essays on writing which did not quote or paraphrase more than once Dr. Johnson's famous, and perhaps angry, dictum, that a man who did not write for money was a fool. Innumerable hack writers have called upon Dr. Johnson to defend their success with the uncritical. And many men or women of talent, even of genius, have borrowed Dr. Johnson's remark to excuse some commercialization of their work.

A writer is a fool who does not write for an audience. To write just for yourself is a kind of mild paranoia, resulting from a belief that your own judgment of art or subject matter is superior to that of anyone else. But, as we all know, the self-judgment of even great writers has been notably uncertain in its values. And furthermore, to despise an audience is simply to vitiate the chief purpose of writing as Henry James, and many another, has defined it; this purpose being to satisfy an immense curiosity as to the nature and processes of life and then to communicate to others the results of observation and imaginative analysis. A writer without an audience may function, but a writer without a desire for an audience is only half a man in terms of his profession. And obviously the best way to get an audience is to sell your product to someone concerned with its distribution and willing to back desire with a reward.

But how large the audience should be, and how large, and indeed the very nature of, the reward, is a very different question. Here the repeaters of Dr. Johnson's remark oversimplify the sage's meaning, as his own career proves. That the Doctor's objectives were more complicated than the earning of an immediate cash return is quite obvious. His great satisfactions were his degree from Oxford, his royal pension, the title of the Great Lexicographer. If he was concerned with only cash, it is improbable that he would have engaged in the enormous labor of preparing a dictionary, or devoted so much of his energy to the highly speculative venture of an acted tragedy.

To write for an audience, and to find an audience, which means usually to sell your writing, seem to be the first considerations. "And fit audience find, though few" is the right prescription, and indeed Milton's line needs no explanation. If a writer (good or bad) has touched the minds of those who will listen to him, he has reached his first objective. There is, as has been often said, no such creature as a "mute inglorious Milton." If he is mute, he is not of the Milton kind, not even of the writer's kind. Without an audience, he properly remains inglorious, because as a writer he is only half a man.

The practical question is, where does cash money come into the equation? One man's advice would be to write as often as possible for money, because in a money age like ours, it is not only useful in paying bills—maybe only a few bills—but is a symbol of the reward you desire. This reward may be quite material, as, for example, in the form of a salary or contracts gained directly as the result of reputation which the publication of this or that makes for you. Yet it equally may be of a nobler, if not more useful, character. To think that what our ancestors used to call fame is not a strong motive in every able man and woman is simply to share the fallacies of the get-rich-and-be-happy school, those vulgar philosophers who crawl like maggots through the industrial age. And there is a third motive which rarely if ever is absent in a writer, from the crudest to the most expert, from the most idealistic to the most dirt-bound fabricator of comic books or perverted historical romance: self-satisfaction. A writer is first of all an articulate man. If he has articulated as well as he can and put upon paper some measurable approximation to his conception, he has that good which aside from sustenance is the most lasting satisfaction that can come to his kind. It is the occupational happiness of creative artist and skilful mediocrity alike.

IF this is true, the amount of payment in cash for writing is much less important than the fact of a reward and all it implies. Every editor knows this. How much one receives makes a lot of difference when it comes to paying bills, or in determining where you will sell your work. It may influence adversely (but by no means

Nuns Picking Raspberries

By Mary Ballard Duryee

LIKE billowing sails the white coifs ride
Full-rigged upon the grassy tide,
And larch and bayberry conceal
A basket where two suppliants kneel.

In place of orison and prayer
Laughter and whispers fill the air,
And over fragrant brimming bowls
Young faces shine like aureoles.

Boldly imaginative plays
About the junkets and soufflés—
The ruby jellies—garnet pies—
That Cooking Sister will devise.

Foretasting supper, ardent lips
Sample from thieving finger-tips
The studded berries, red and mauve,
As if they quaffed the wine of love.

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always) what kind of work you do. But how *much* is unimportant to you as a *writer,* by comparison with the fact that someone can get you a fit audience and is willing to pay what he can for the privilege.

Two examples may be added to these general statements of the audience, which might be widely drawn, of this interpretation of the desire to get a living wage from literary work, and the felt need of an audience.

Henry James is the first instance. H. J. was never a rich man. He had throughout his life a competence which was often a little below his rather modest scale of living, and some times frighteningly so. A hundred examples of his desire to make some money at least from his writing can be gleaned from his letters and still more of his wish to reach a public. Particularly interesting are his efforts to find an audience, which in his case meant to sell his stories, in the 1870's and early 1880's when, as he said himself, he learned to write. It may be an error to charge the number of murders, suicides, and mental crimes in the stories of this era to a desire to be sensational, and thus popular. The influence of Hawthorne was strong upon him then. Yet many of the successful stories by others of the era were written in a climate of romantic sensationalism. And how account for the incredible suicide of a worldly husband tucked on to that excellent story "Madame de Mauves"? Or the choice of a plot involving a mother's murder by neglect of a beloved child for "The Author of Beltraffio," which he said would require all the skill he had, and more, to make credible—and did. And observe the agonies of compression he suffered in shaping many of these stories in order to make them publishable. Was his choice of sensational climaxes justified, at least in his own mind, by his first real success, "Daisy Miller," which he told his brother was only a literary experiment, and which ended in a sensational death? More important as evidence of H. J.'s motivation, is "The New York Edition" of 1907-1917. Here he undertook the vast labor of revising, with much rewriting, all the stories he wished to save, and of supplying nearly all of them with elaborate critical prefaces. He said himself that he wished to stabilize his financial position, in which the enterprise was a lamentable failure. But is it not clear that now, when toward the end of his life he had found a fit audience though few, he intensely desired, as his prefaces and recastings show, to give to this audience in all his books the perfection or near perfection which they had the right to

expect? For neither preface nor, usually, his revisions made his books easier reading. On the contrary. Yet one can have no doubt that the desire to get an audience, which blended in his case with a desire to make at least some money, was a most valuable discipline for Henry James.

It is undeniably true that when the desire to make money as such outweighs any other consideration, the results may be unfortunate for literature—and sometimes for the pocketbook of the author. At the suggestion of William Dean Howells, then editor of *The Atlantic Monthly,* Mark Twain wrote the first twenty chapters of his "Life on the Mississippi," less than a third of the completed story. Howells paid him, of course, but admittedly below his current price. Twain wanted to reach the audience of the *Atlantic,* then the most cultivated in America, and said so. But he did not, when the series was concluded, publish these chapters in book form because his publishing advisers said they would make too short a book to sell at the large profits to which Twain was accustomed. Eight years later, after his *Atlantic* public had hailed his chapters as masterly, and his growing reputation made the success of a larger book certain, he decided to expand them by taking a trip on the Mississippi. He did so, and added forty rather dreary chapters, for his inspiration had faded. Result: "Life on the Mississippi" as we read it today is like a brilliant procession with a bedraggled tail of stragglers and advertising floats. Even though it is one of the great books of American literature, it is a masterpiece manqué, such as only a great writer, almost devoid of artistic consciousness, who sometimes wrote for an audience and often only for cash, could have perpetrated.

H. S. C.

Bookmarks

WE were startled the other morning when, in the slipstream of a childish treble on the radio urging us to eat Wheaties because they contain "vitamins and stuff," the tyke's ostensible mother cut in with, "Don't say stuff." This effort on the part of the copywriter to improve the native speech on sponsored time struck us as praiseworthy even if, in the cited instance, misapplied. Why shouldn't the little fellow say stuff? Must he grow up to rewrite Shakespeare? "Ambition should be made of sterner vitamins"—"We are such stuff as vitamins are made on." Why seek to turn an honest, forthright American boy into a priggish little vitamined shirt?

* * *

The reading matter available to over-prompt patients in doctors' and dentists' waiting rooms is approaching contemporaneity, and in some instances actually attaining it. This generalization is admittedly based on woefully insufficient data.

* * *

Robert W. Krepps's civilized thriller "The Field of Night" has titled chapters, just as if it had been published in 1888 instead of 1948. The phenomenon is rather rare today—probably as rare as the novel without titled chapters was in 1888. Our guess is that Henry James was a pioneer in throwing overboard the titled-chapter convention. The business isn't important enough for a Ph.D. assignment, but it might merit someone's casual investigation.

* * *

Whittier told the Very Reverend Frederick W. Farrar, Dean of Canterbury (who put it in his memoirs, so the story must be true), that he once asked Emerson how he handled requests for autographs. Emerson told Whittier that he had always granted them until "the applications came to be counted by hundreds." Thereafter he had simply ignored them.

"But what do you do when they enclose stamps?" asked Whittier.

"Oh," said Emerson, "the stamps come in handy."

* * *

The unimpeachableness of the source of the above anecdote reminds us of F.P.A.'s campaign, back in his earlier colyuming days, to find a legitimate use for the intensive *very.* After weeks of diligent canvassing, aided by an army of loyal stylistic scouts, he was willing to admit only two. One was "Very Good Eddie," a successful musical show of the moment. The other was the Very Reverend.

J. T. W.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Kindling for Global Gehenna

SIR: It has at last been said. I have been waiting for it a long time, knowing that eventually, somewhere, in some magazine, I would find exactly the article I expected. I refer, of course, to Lewis Mumford's "Kindling for Global Gehenna" [*SRL* June 26], which, for quiet, chilling analysis, and sane exhortation, ranks with "Modern Man Is Obsolete" as worthy of reprinting by the thousands and distributing to all the quarters of the globe. Every leader, from ward heeler or schoolmarm to president or prime minister or marshal, should be given a copy as required reading.

Much that Mr. Mumford says has been said before, but not in quite the cold and terrifying manner he employs a mind speaking quietly to other minds about perils too monstrous to comprehend.

CHARLES FREDERICK HARROLD.

Columbus, O.

SIR: Lewis Mumford's deeply-felt, passionately conceived, and eloquently-stated article is all too true in the moral matrix of discourse.

May I give it a backbone in terms of matter and economics by quoting from Alfred Marshall's "Principles of Economics":

"The study of the causes of poverty is the study of the causes of the degradation of a large part of mankind."

MARTIN WOLFSON.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR: At the risk of arguing semantics, I should like to take exception to Lewis Mumford's statement that "we have reached a point in history where the unchecked pursuit of truth, without regard to its social consequences, will bring to a swift end the pursuit of truth, by wiping out the very civilization that has favored it." This seems to be more than a fatuous rehash of the old bromide about technology vs. human survival. It would appear that Mr. Mumford has thrown the *pursuit of truth* and *human survival* into opposing, mutually exclusive camps. Isn't this concept a little muddled? What thinking person will deny that all truth, physical and extra-physical, is dynamically interrelated, and that better living and indeed human survival itself await the application of sound social and ethnic *truths*. If Mr. Mumford is talking about scientific truth, he should say so. If he is not, his article savors of a whining religionist.

DAVID S. LANDIS.

McLean, Va.

Blood

SIR: At the repeated request of the publisher of the comic-book version of Eugene Sue's "The Mysteries of Paris" I would like to ask you to print a correction. In the picture showing a man (whose eyes have been gouged out) tied down to a chair, the bandage shows blood flowing not below the bandage but above it [*SRL* May 29].

For the point of my article it makes no difference whether the blood shows above, below, or on the side. As Mephistopheles says in "Faust," "Blood is a very special fluid."

FREDRIC WERTHAM.

New York, N. Y.

"Could I write a book!" "Forget it. I did!"

Consult "Young Lorenzo"

SIR: In the *SRL* July 10, E. W. Tedlock, Jr., discusses at some length one of the inaccuracies I found in his book "The Frieda Lawrence Collection of D. H. Lawrence Manuscripts" [*SRL* June 5]. I pointed out that he had the wrong dates for Lawrence's Croydon schoolmastership (which word the *SRL* whimsically changed to "schoolmanship" in my review), and now he gives his reasons for considering 1908-1911 as the years when Lawrence was teaching there. I agree with Mr. Tedlock's placing the end of the Croydon period as late 1911 or early 1912, for the Huxley edition of the "Letters" provides documentary evidence for this. Mr. Tedlock's evidence for the beginning of the Croydon instructorship is, however, not so sound; he depends too much on the cloudy memories of Lawrenceans (Lawrence himself was often inaccurate in relation to the mathematical aspects of his life). Mr. Tedlock, who is in the process of becoming a Lawrence scholar, has apparently not consulted one of the most valuable Lawrence items, "Young Lorenzo," written in part by Lawrence's sister Ada. That book quotes the testimonial given Lawrence at the time of his departure by the headmaster of the school in Croydon, Mr. P. F. Smith, who begins by saying, "Mr. D. H. Lawrence has been a member of the staff of the above school for the last two years. . . ." The last two could have begun his work at Croydon in the fall of 1909—which is still some distance from 1908. Mr. Smith must have been writing with the school records beside him, or from close personal knowledge at the time. His statement provides a more accurate documentation, in any event, than memories recorded many years later. Mr. Tedlock's book is in the main a very decent one, as I said at the time.

HARRY T. MOORE.

Washington, D. C.

Lucked

SIR: You made those of us from the Ozarks feel we'd really lucked into something when we read bits of our native tongue published in *SRL* ["Bangling the Language," July 10.]

Another vanishing word—more's the pity—is *unthoughted*. A thoughtless act simply doesn't birth the woe that an *unthoughted* act does.

BETRENIA BOWKER.

Kansas City, Mo.

David Garrick Letters

SIR: The manuscript for an edition of David Garrick's letters is in the final stages of preparation. This is an appeal to all owners of Garrick's letters to assist in making the edition as complete and as accurate as possible. We shall be pleased to have manuscripts photostated at our expense and to acknowledge the sources of all contributions. All communications should therefore reach us by Sept. 15, 1948.

DAVID M. LITTLE,
GEORGE M. KAHRL.

Theatre Collection,
Harvard College Library,
Cambridge 38, Mass.

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Criticism. *"What is a classic? A delicate question, to which somewhat diverse solutions might be given according to times and seasons. . . . A true classic, as I should like to hear it defined, is an author who has enriched the human mind, increased its treasure, and caused it to advance a step; who has discovered some moral and not equivocal truth, or revealed some eternal passion in that heart where all seemed known and discovered; who has expressed his thought, observation, or invention, in no matter what form, only provided it be broad and great, refined and sensible, sane and beautiful in itself; who has spoken to all in his own peculiar style, a style which is found to be also that of the whole world, a style new without neologism, new and old, easily contemporary with all time."* —*Sainte-Beuve.*

Tempestuous South American Union

MARVELOUS JOURNEY: Four Centuries of Brazilian Literature. By Samuel Putnam. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1948. 269 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by HERNANE TAVARES DE SA

MR. SAMUEL PUTNAM is singularly well-equipped for the difficult task of interpreting and evaluating a literature as alien and little known here as that of Brazil. A writer of distinction himself, he is a member of the "lost generation" which repaired to the Left Bank in the twenties. His years as an expatriate are recalled in "Paris Was Our Mistress," published in 1947. During that period Putnam's profound knowledge of French literature expanded into a growing interest for literary production in the other Romance languages. He translated some thirty books and plays from the French, Italian, and Spanish, including writers like Rabelais, Pirandello, Cocteau, Aretino, Silone, Duhamel.

In late years, however, he has become increasingly interested in the literature of Brazil. He presented to the American public masterful translations from the Portuguese of what are perhaps the two most "untranslatable" books published in Brazil. One of them, Gilberto Freyre's "The Masters and the Slaves," is not only a penetrating sociological treatise on our unique pattern of racial relations, but holds the reader's fascinated attention through its colorful, colloquial, at times parochial, style. The other, Euclydes da Cunha's rugged, throbbing, incredibly powerful "Rebellion in the Backlands," is probably the only book written to this date in the Western Hemisphere which has a legitimate claim to cross the Atlantic to join the works of Cervantes, Shakespeare, Petrarch, and the score of

—*Drawing by Joseph Stella.*

"Samuel Putnam has not limited himself to purely literary canons."

others who are the standard-bearers of what it is agreed to call the culture of the Occident. In 1946, under the joint auspices of the State Department and the Brazilian government, Mr. Putnam conducted a course on Comparative Literatures of the United States and Brazil at the university in Rio de Janeiro. While "Marvelous Journey" is partly based on those lectures, it is much more than a scholarly literary exegesis. The author has retained the comparative approach, so as to give the American reader points of reference in terms of writers with whose works he is familiar. But in studying the evolution of writing in Brazil through four centuries, he has not limited himself to purely literary canons, but has dissected and explained the peculiar intimacy between the intellectual worker and the nation. For nothing so much surprises the intelligent American traveler as to find that the average Brazilian knows more about his country's poets and novelists than about its statesmen and soldiers, or that there are more statues in public squares of authors sitting prosaically on bronze chairs than of generals heroically equestrian.

It is the first time, I believe, that an Anglo-Saxon observer has been able fully to understand and underscore this marriage between the writer and the nation which in Brazil asks of every poet and novelist of stature that he play an important, at times decisive, part in political and social events. It is a tempestuous union, filled with soul-searching revolt and recrimination, where the writer often makes absurd demands on the nation, in the lover's perennial suspicion of betrayal and quest for perfection. Yet it remains an indissoluble union, resting on tenderness and passion, and it may well be the nation's best hope. Much that is good has already come of it. Putnam never loses sight of this fundamental premise; thus, when discussing Castro Alves, the greatest poet the country has produced, he shows why his lyrical, vibrant, stirring verse was the most important single contribution toward the peaceful abolition of slavery in Brazil.

The chapter on the works of Machado de Assis, an "event in world literature," is a penetrating analysis of the novelist's "highly personalized view of life and the world which still is broad as the world, as deep and dark and mystery-laden as life itself." He ends by asking that an American publisher and translator "set themselves to the shamefully delayed task of bringing over into English this greatest of Latin-American novelists."

There are omissions which were undoubtedly forced on the author by the limitations of space. A short paragraph on Alceu Amoroso Lima, for example, does not convey to the reader his importance as the foremost literary critic and the leader of an important and growing school. Or the bare mention of Gilberto Amado's name, to take another example, is hardly doing justice to a brilliant and original thinker whose essays have deeply influenced, ofttimes *à leur insu,* the young generation.

But these are minor restrictions on a book which is a generous gift to those interested in Brazil or in good writing.

Hermane Tavares de Sa, Brazilian teacher, has written and lectured extensively on Brazilian subjects in this country, and was for a period a special adviser to the Office of the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs.

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Skilfully Ordered Words

LITERARY CRITICISMS BY FRANCIS THOMPSON. Discovered and collected by the Rev. Terence Connolly. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1948. 617 *pp.* $12.50.

ESSAYS IN RETROSPECT. By Chauncey Brewster Tinker. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1948. 161 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

FATHER CONNOLLY, who put us in his debt a few years ago with a well-annotated edition of Francis Thompson's poetry, has now increased our obligation to him with this interesting volume of Thompson's previously uncollected literary criticisms. The essays which Wilfrid Meynell chose to include in his well-known edition of Thompson's poetry and prose were comparatively few, and would seem to have been selected largely for their eloquence, even their poetical power; for the most part they show the writer with his singing robes upon him. But here, for the first time, we meet him as a practising critic, expressing himself through the medium of reviews in *The Academy* and other periodicals; doing supremely well work that is only hack-work when it is done ill. For the first time we are enabled to appreciate the range of the man's literary knowledge, the sureness of his taste, the accuracy of his judgment. We have long been familiar with the Thompson who was a master of verbal magic, even of juggler's tricks; who could thrill and surprise and delight every reader susceptible to the power of skilfully ordered words. But here, in this extensive collection, we bear company with a writer who can weigh literary values justly, and dispassionately analyze literary performances. Of course he is eloquent in this activity, for without eloquence he would not be Francis Thompson, but he limits his flights with wise economy; his eloquence is always controlled with strict regard to the business at hand. And if he is witty, too—delightfully and pervasively witty—his wit, like his eloquence, is always functional.

His scope is wide, in time and space. English, Irish, French, American, and Italian writers pass under his scrutiny; but on the Germans he is silent, at least in this volume, and Father Connolly's bibliography indicates that they did not much interest him. In poetry he ranges from Dante to Henley, in prose from St. Augustine's "Confessions" to Paul Elmer More's "Shelburne Essays." His competence is, of course, not always the same in all instances; no critic's is. But he does not pretend to a competence which he does not possess, and, if he is sometimes content to skim a surface, he is never guilty of pseudo-profundity. Religion and morality enter into his criticism, but without warping his measures or blinding him to excellence in work that is, in its nature, antipathetic to him. He may, for example, despise the kind of thing that d'Annunzio does, but he must praise the way he does it.

Brief quotations cannot do justice to Thompson's perceptions, judgments, and arguments, but a few may serve to illustrate his ability to speak his mind with pitch and point. "Don Juan," he declares, "is table-talk: the finest in the language." It is "a misnomer," he asserts, to call such poets as Racine and Arnold "faultless," when "in line after line there is the blot of absent inspiration, when there is not the only possible word in the only possible place." Of Coleridge he writes: "It is the saddest and costliest wreck in literary annals, an argosy of priceless freight gone down with all its treasures, save a little flotsam which is more treasurable than most vessels' whole lading." And of Montaigne: "There was no pole-star in Montaigne's astronomy; his planets were interesting complexities, which in their curious evolutions had no ascertainable sun—and the sun, to his mind, did not really matter."

He speaks of "the riotous obviousness" of Dumas; declares that "Chateaubriand would have been unhappy in a serpentless Eden, where apples were licensed"; and, when he insists that both intellect and emotion are necessary to the appreciation of poetry, he puts his finger on Leslie Stephen's prime deficiency. He points to the cause which makes Wordsworth "either unapproachable or unendurable; and very often both in the compass of twenty lines." Paul Elmer More, he finds, writes "always with the same lofty reasonableness, yet with a monotonous severity and respectability that have in the end the same effect as a nasal unctuousness in the voice—that is, laughter. If the whitened statue of Cobden, which looks seriously upon the Hampstead trams, were to speak, even thus would he comment upon books and life, after so many days and nights of elevated and solitary immobility." Finally, when he searches for what makes the "Paradiso" an astonishing poem, he comes back to us with the declaration: "It is a certain marvelous austerity of enticement, the asceticism of loveliness, the white light of intellectuality; an exquisitely choice apparel through which one feels the hair-shirt. It is a macerated beauty."

A certain marvelous austerity of enticement. . . . This is itself said marvelously. Of course, those who believe that criticism can and should be a science, a laboratory process, will deny that Thompson's "impressionism" is criticism at all. They might be pitied, if their complacency did not make pity superfluous.

* * *

CHAUNCEY TINKER'S slender volume consists, in its author's own words, of "those essays and addresses which I could not bring myself wholly to destroy. They represent some of the chief interests which I have had for many years, poetry, painting, teaching, and, above all, that strange position in which man finds himself in a universe that eludes all comprehension."

For the most part literary, these papers are intelligent without profundity, instructive without pedantry. Uncommon commonsense, based on learning that is lightly carried, informs them all, and their writer controls a style that is distinguished not only by colloquial ease, but also by what may be called colloquial elegance. His wit is keen, his temper urbane; it is obvious that he suffers fools with only the required minimum of Christian charity, and he has as much use for pretentiousness, and artistic or intellectual faking, as he has for the more noxious poisons. He is no fellow of those critics of the new school who "cast the violet into the crucible, and look for chemical results." With a critical technique based on the tested humanities, rather than on pseudo-scientific jargon, he is content to examine his violets with wise eyes, sniff them with discriminating nostrils, perhaps even touch them with experienced fingers,—though not

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Sohrab, in "Sohrab and Rustum," by Matthew Arnold. 2. Priam Farll, in "Buried Alive," by Arnold Bennett. 3. Danny, in "The Butterfly," by James Cain. 4. John Douglas, in "The Valley of Fear," by Conan Doyle. 5. Milady de Winter, in "The Three Musketeers," by Alexandre Dumas. 6. Georgiana, in "The Birthmark," by Nathaniel Hawthorne. 7. Arthur Dimmesdale, in "The Scarlet Letter," by Nathaniel Hawthorne. 8. The Llano Kid, in "A Double-Dyed Deceiver," by O. Henry. 9. Queequag, in "Moby Dick," by Herman Melville. 10. The Duke and the Dauphin, in "Huckleberry Finn," by Mark Twain.

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so clumsily as to subject them to a withering pressure.

He is old-fashioned enough—or shall we now say, revolutionary enough?—to insist that it is the business of poets and painters to give something that is capable of being received:

> It is no defense of the poets to say that our present Babel has been caused by the modern doubt of all ultimate truths, for it is just the office of poets to discover and to teach these very ultimates. If poets are ready to surrender this office to the scientists, then they and their readers are indeed in miserable plight.

"The whole tradition of literature," he declares, "is in startling contrast to the modern contempt for the public." And he asserts further: "The time will never come when the artist will find no satisfaction in the impression he makes upon the public mind." Mr. Tinker's admiration for the painters of the Dutch School is based upon the fact that "they have so obviously learned their job." These are fighting words in a day when so many artists are proud of not having learned their jobs, when so many refuse to admit the existence of the craft which underlies every art.

They are fighting words, but they are also sound words. And it is because Chauncey Tinker has learned his own job, through many years, by steady practice of his craft, assiduous extension of his knowledge, and persistent cultivation of his critical talents, that what he has to say is worth reading, whether it concern the poetry of Shelley, Morris, Housman, Meredith, and the Brontës, the novels of Trollope, the Pre-Raphaelites, the legend of Dr. Johnson's literary dictatorship, Samuel Pepys, Joel Barlow's mighty epic, sitting for one's portrait, an artist's duty, the Corporal and Spiritual Works of Mercy, or the mysteries of evolution. As he talks to us on all these topics, this long famous and almost legendary teacher proves himself eloquent and charming.

Pope, James, Hopkins & Kafka

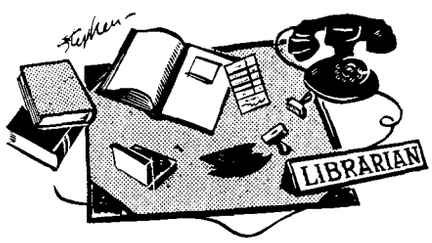
RAGE FOR ORDER. By Austin Warren. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1948. 165 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY POPKIN

AUSTIN WARREN'S criticism discovers an organic principle, a synthesis, in each author considered. Mr. Warren examines the interaction of idea and image, the ideological and formal elements of literature. He interprets the "rage for order" that induces the poet to mold the chaos of his experience into some harmonious pattern:

> The poet's passionate desire to see order for himself (not to accept it as a stereotype, "given," handed down) makes his final creation a kind of world or cosmos.

This versatile critic is probably at his best in the essays on Pope, James,



Hopkins, and Kafka. Pope's organic fusion joins classicism and rationalism. Classicism stresses tragedy, the epic, and the grand manner; it is in direct conflict with the narrow boundaries that Hobbes and Locke assigned to the imagination. The products of this disparity are some uninspired and imitative serious poems and a few magnificent burlesques, including the works Mr. Warren considers Pope's masterpieces, "The Rape of the Lock" and "The Dunciad." For Henry James the tension is between the mythic and the dialectic. The mythic is personal, intuitive, subjective, typified by James's use of symbols. The dialectic is cerebral, analytic, social, typified by endless conversations probing the most recondite shades of meaning.

Hopkins embodies his "inscapes," his visual patterns, in words characterized by their particularity. Mr. Warren traces this preference for the particular to certain poetic and philosophical influences and to the poet's deep interest in Celtic and Teutonic aspects of the language. The essay on Kafka is an excellent antidote to the confusions and contradictions of much current criticism. Kafka exhibits "the irruption of the irrational" in the concrete terms of apparently realistic fiction. The particular merit of Mr. Warren's treatment of Kafka lies in his refutation of the extremists who see Kafka as either a mystic or a revolutionary:

> It is absurd to speculate about the nature of the highest, for of course we cannot know; we cannot even know how near we come to knowing.

In each of these essays, Mr. Warren offers a new and valid portrait of the artist; no essay runs any danger of being a final or complete comment on the man and his work, but each should stimulate a fresh interpretation of its respective subject.

The other studies are equally enlightening. Writing on Forster some years before the revival, Mr. Warren expounded that writer's tension as a balancing of conflicting human values. Forster strives to save as many ideas as possible in a fusion that emphasizes universality and moderation. Hawthorne is represented as employing the literary tradition of romance to dramatize the internal mysteries of the human soul, isolation, guilt, and spiritual sin. Two metaphysical poets, George Herbert and Edward Taylor, demonstrate their rage for order in their attempts to convey spiritual meanings in homely conceits. The comments on Yeats are less central to the poet's major work, since they chiefly concern his ventures into occultism, but even this essay reflects Mr. Warren's theory by describing Yeats's efforts to justify the irrational against the rational and orthodox orderings of the universe.

Mr. Warren displays a remarkable versatility both in subject matter and in critical technique. He utilizes the traditional scholarly equipment of history of ideas and biography, but he reveals also a devoted interest in the close reading of texts. More important, Mr. Warren's conception of the rage for order provides a justification for literary criticism that is absent from most recent critical writing.

He Walked in the Cool

By Katharine Day Little

THIS is the time of day
the uncolored city slumbers in the dawn;
a mist-hung-river—
under each flying arch
of her slim floating bridges—
lies lovelier than any daisied lawn.
Pale ripples flicker; as the light flowers out
new shadows darken; under island walls
the walking shadows there are still enhoused;
Across the freshening river
an unseen man's bold whistle sudden falls
into the summer morning.

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Seeing Things

LAMB AS A CRITIC

IF Charles Lamb does not belong in the company of the greatest critics, neither do they belong in his. It is not so much that they stride ahead of him as that he elects to amble to one side of them, well off the main thoroughfares. Even in criticism, he is a lonely figure who goes his own way. That the paths of his choice happen to be bypaths is part of the enticement and originality of his approach. He is one of the most satisfying and least pretentious of critics; major in a minor way, though major nonetheless.

Greatness, among other things, is bound to involve scale. Size, spiritual or actual, is part of it. Breadth, width, depth are among its common dimensional attributes. These qualities, in the ordinary heroic sense, were not Lamb's. Perfection, however, is not a matter of size. Although a Borglum may reach the peaks by mutilating them, because he produces bigger works than a Cellini does not mean he is the better artist. It was on the Cellini scale that Lamb worked. In criticism, as in his essays, he was a jeweler, a goblet-fashioner, an unrivaled craftsman in gold and silver. The fact that he was not a titan does not condemn him to being a midget. As a critic, he was an extraordinary artist. His genius as an artist is the reason for his greatness as a critic.

Dryden, Dr. Johnson, Coleridge, Hazlitt, or Shaw, for example, rejoice in a muscularity, a lunge, an intensity, a bigness, or a purpose Lamb does not possess. Yet he possesses charms they cannot claim, perceptions they do not have, and merits which are not theirs. They delve into fundamentals which for him have no interest. They risk complete estimates of a man, a work, or a period which he avoids. They come to their subjects head-on, excelling at large-scale frontal attacks where he excels at minor skirmishes and sudden, fruitful forays at the flanks or behind the lines. Or, convinced that the truth as they have seen it is the whole truth, they can fight lusty battles for causes which leave him unmobilized.

Critically, they and their kind are warriors; male, aggressive, and so magnificent in their energies that they are forces. Lamb is no force. He is only a phenomenon, and a joy. To the embattled realm of opinions he brings his vagaries rather than his convictions, his paradoxes instead of principles. He does not destroy; he recreates. His critical weapon is a gold-miner's sieve, not a battle-axe. He rises to appreciation with the same happy subtle discernment most critics muster for depreciation. He writes less to persuade others than to state for himself what, for the moment, he has been persuaded of. Even his deliberate half-truths are so engagingly advanced by him that, in the reading, they seem preferable to the full truths advanced by others. If Lamb proves little, he almost always proves delightful. In his case, that is enough. Having sought pleasure, he gives it. "It is not in my method," said he "to inflict pain. I leave that to heaven."

"Criticism," noted Dr. Johnson, "is a study by which men grow important and formidable at very small expense." Lamb had no desire to be either. He disliked "being treated like a grave or respectable character." His sympathy with professional critics was nonexistent. He abhorred all the airs they take on, without the graces, and the way they pride themselves upon being unable to share in the joys of others.

Lamb's attitude towards the theatre was typical of his attitude towards books and paintings. Theatrically he remained in spirit, as in his fondest recollections, a gallery god long after financial ease and his own prominence assured him the best of seats. He could neither understand nor tolerate the "frigid indifference" and "impenetrability" of those who sat in the boxes. Even in the pit he deplored the beginnings of "that accursed critical faculty, which, making a man the judge of his own pleasures, too often constitutes him the executioner of his own and others!"

TO Lamb such stand-offishness, worse than being incompatible, was downright "vile." Professional critics and reviewers, in his eyes, were "animals." Fastidious, special, and searching as were his tastes, he preferred to identify himself with the *genuine spectators*. By these he had in mind such simple people as a "shopkeeper and his family, whose honest titillations of mirth" could not wait "to take the cue from the sour judging faces about them." In spite of his own inquiring and scholarly spirit, Lamb gave his love to the "uninquiring gratitude" of such spectators. Although with them he mistakenly identified himself, he wrote delectably from an unmistakable capacity for enjoyment which they might well have envied.

—From a sketch by G. F. Joseph.

Charles Lamb—"one of the most satisfying and least pretentious of critics; major in a minor way, through major..."

Lamb's shortcomings as a critic are self-evident. He does not soar as one of the eagles in a profession more often than not wingless. He hovers like a bee, avid for the taste of honey. Moreover, bee-like, he is quick to find it, to linger over it, and to transfer it. He neither intends to be reliable nor pretends to be impartial. He must be read with a caution which comes from understanding him, and from being both able and willing to enter into the game he can play. Since he is truer to his whims than his subject, he is not to be taken literally. He must have foreseen that modern dictionaries would define an opinion as a "judgment based on grounds short of proof." At any rate, he does not bother about being infallible. He writes quite frankly and disarmingly from his prejudices.

He is apt to be fanciful when he seems most dogmatic, or only half in earnest when he appears to be most serious. This aspect of Lamb not only eluded Macaulay but exasperated him. Yet it is the point and pleasure of Elia's defense of that "Utopia of Gallantry" which, as he saw it, was the true setting of Restoration comedy and hence lifted it beyond moral judgment "out of Christendom into the land of cuckoldry." It is no less clear in the famous contention of Lamb, the most ardent of theatre-lovers, that Shakespeare is the playwright whose works are "less calculated for

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performance on a stage than those of almost any other dramatist whatever."

George Saintsbury, a devoted and discerning "Agnist" if ever there was one, had to admit that, notwithstanding his excellences as a critic, Lamb could be guilty of *capriccio* (a word which Elia, no doubt, would have prized every bit as much as did the professor). This is why Saintsbury insisted Lamb, rather than Leigh Hunt, deserves to be known as the "Ariel of Criticism." Beyond dispute, that is better than being the Caliban.

When he described such critics as belong to the *Occult School*, Hazlitt had Lamb in mind. "They discern no beauties but what are concealed from superficial eyes," wrote he, "and overlook all that are obvious to the vulgar part of mankind. . . . If an author is utterly unreadable, they can read him for ever; his intricacies are their delight, his mysteries are their study. . . . They will no more share a book than a mistress with a friend." The charge of occultism, in Lamb's case, is not unfair. It is just in spite of Lamb's affection for the gallery gods. It is part and parcel of his addiction to oddity. Yet, like the affectations of his public style, it is the natural expression of himself.

Lamb's blindspots were many; his tastes more eccentric than catholic. If he rejoiced in his lack of orthodoxy, so should his readers. Any mediocrity can be orthodox. (Most of them are.) Lamb, however, was nothing if not exceptional. Even the historical persons he once startled a company by naming as the people he would most like to meet were unaverage choices. Heading his list were Pontius Pilate, Sir Thomas Browne, and Dr. Faustus.

IN matters literary or artistic he was no less individual. He could discover no merit in "Candide" or "Gil Blas." As an ardent admirer of Smollett, he was persuaded, and then only with difficulty, by Hazlitt to concede Fielding's superiority. When current authors were being discussed, he talked endlessly of John Donne and Sir Philip Sidney; when others were devouring the Waverley Novels, like as not he was poring over George Wither. If he was allergic to Scott, Byron, and Shelley, he was among the first to recognize Coleridge, Burns, and Wordsworth. His pioneering did not end there. As a critic of painting, his major concern may have been, unfashionably enough by contemporary standards, the story told. Even so, he was the first to show a proper appreciation for Hogarth and Blake. Moreover, when he writes of their paintings, he so succeeds in using his

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pen as a brush that he turns painter himself.

Coleridge did not lecture on the early English dramatists, except for Shakespeare, until 1818. Hazlitt's courses were not given until three years later. Yet it was in 1808 that Lamb published his "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets Who Lived About the Time of Shakespeare." In them, in spite of the spade-work already done by specialists, Lamb can be said to have made well-read, though unscholarly, Britishers feel for the first time that Marston, Heywood, Webster, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger and Ford were writers they *ought* to know. His notes, fragmentary and informal as they are, are among the most personal and revealing of his critical writings. Shaw, being Shaw, could lament Lamb's fondness for these figures as a "literary aberration." He could say he forgave this addiction of Lamb's "as we forgive him his addiction to gin." But most people, including Shavians, would not deny their debt to Lamb because of the way in which he salvaged the beauties of a body of literature which had come to be almost ignored.

NO one has written about the theatre with greater warmth or perception than did Lamb about vanished players or the playhouses of his youth. By common consent, due to common experience, few things are apt to be deader than the review of a forgotten play or a tribute to an actor the reader has neither heard about nor seen. Writing about the stage is usually doomed to be as evanescent as the pleasure or pain which prompted it. Those of us who attempt it professionally know, to our sorrow and chagrin, that what we devote ourselves to doing amounts to tattooing soapbubbles. In spite of its discouragements, this is a process not beyond achievement as is proved by those uncommon, blessed instances when journalism takes on the stature of criticism and criticism that of literature. This happens when the copy read, having lost its immediate or practical usefulness to the reader, somehow survives in time without relying upon news interest, not as a guide to pleasure but as itself a pleasure, self-sustaining and self-contained. It happens when yesterday endures as today and tomorrow.

Lamb joins the proud company of the elect who have been able to pass this test, and to pass it triumphantly. He could put reviewing to his own uses as when, for example, he proposed to Fanny Kelly (with negative results) in a notice of "Rachel." "What a lass that were to go a gypseying through the world with!" sighed he in the public prints, pretending to quote a mythical neighbor. But, more than putting criticism to his own uses, he could put it to ours.

Bensley, Powel, Munden, Liston, Dodd, and Elliston are truly forgotten men. Except to a stage archivist, their names could not mean less had they been stumbled upon on broken tombstones in an abandoned graveyard. Yet Lamb's writing about them is so lively that not only do they live for us as if we had seen them but we know we are the luckier for having seen them through his eyes. To choose where choice is difficult, Bensley who seizes upon the moment of passion with greatest truth "like a faithful clock never striking before the time—never anticipating, or leading you to anticipate"; Bensley looking, speaking, and moving through the part of Malvolio as an old Castilian nobleman; Bensley keeping back "his intellect as some have had the power to retard their pulsation"; or Bensley allowing "a gleam of understanding" to "appear in a corner of his eye and for lack of fuel go out again" is more than a player described. He is a lesson in comic acting.

The same extension of an assignment, the same complete realization of an opportunity, is shown by Lamb in his notable essays "On the Artificial Comedy of the Last Century" or "On the Tragedies of Shakespeare." In both cases he writes mimetically as a critic should, taking the hint and color from his subject-matter. Wycherley or Congreve did not produce prose wittier, more belaced, or of greater sparkle as verbal marquetry than he did when, in playful earnestness, he rose to the defense of their amoralities.

In "Barbara S....." Lamb could tell sentimentally, with skilful, hot, forced tears, the one backstage story that has come down to us which Woollcott might have written. To read Lamb, however, on the reasons why Shakespeare's greatest tragedies, in the fulness of their tragic statement, were beyond the posturing, grimacing, and gesturing of actors is to realize the extents to which he could carry theatrical writing. As many have pointed out, Lamb, with his admiration for actors, could of course have taken the other side of the argument with equal felicity. But even Lamb the theatre-lover stood no chance against Lamb the bookman, or Lamb the intellectual. As a profound man who doted on the stage, and was more entitled than most to the escapes it offered him, he was too well aware of the theatre's limitations to be limited by them. In a style worthy of his subject he could so enter into Lear's mind that Lear ceased to be a character and became a mortal in agony.

THE same Lamb who had abandoned poetry early in his career wrote as a poet when he was at his best as a critic or a correspondent. The stuttering, jesting, smoking, drinking little fellow, valiantly linked to Mary, was little in an abidingly big way. He was big of heart, large of mind, and unique in his endowments. Victim of life though he was, he was never victimized by it. He lived an interior life externally. It was his mind and the abilities out of which he fashioned his style which made his living, on the whole uneventful, eventful for the world no less than for him. Perhaps Pater, another stylist, wrote the best summary of Lamb in these words, "Unoccupied, as he might seem, with great matters, he is in immediate contact with what is real, especially in its caressing littleness, that littleness in which there is much of the whole woeful heart of things, and meets it more than half-way with a perfect understanding of it."

JOHN MASON BROWN.

This is the fourth and last of a series of articles on Charles Lamb. In expanded form these will serve as the introduction to "The Viking Portable Library Charles Lamb."

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE BODY IN THE BED *Bill S. Ballinger* (Harpers: $2.50)	Strangling of Chicago party-girl followed by shootings, sluggings, and violence galore, involving sleuth Barr Breed.	Barr carries on pretty much like many other swift-shooting shamuses and solution has rather familiar ring.	Raw meat
THE CASE OF THE SEVEN WHISTLERS *George Bellairs* (Macmillan: $2.50)	English antique dealer delivered, dead, in recently sold chest. Insp. from Scotland Yard takes over from puzzled resort-town police.	Although most of many English villagers involved talk and act like cretins story moves rapidly to well-worked out surprise finish.	Satisfactory

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FICTION

(*Continued from page 12*)

himself. There is Antonia, who loves him and waits to give herself. But the curse of Hamlet is upon him. To be or not to be, to love? shall we discourse upon love? and it is all sicklied over. When, in a climactic moment, Antonia forces passion out of him, he recoils then and retires for ever from the battle. Possession is distasteful; how much more redolent the scent of nostalgia

The portrait of Garrick is brilliantly done. He is one of the most difficult characters in literature to approximate, and unquestionably Miss Chapman is more than equal to it. Antonia, on the other hand, is totally unreal. She never comes out of the mists of an originally hazy conception. I suppose Miss Chapman realized from the start that she had to have some contrapuntal figure to place against the brooding Garrick. It is too bad that she could not do more than state Antonia as a theme, quite undeveloped except for some imitative echoes of Garrick himself. Unreal too are such of the characters as Lipsky, a cartoon of what Miss Chapman thinks a philosophic Russian must be like. She seems to have failed with all of the peripheral figures, all those outside the world of the Garricks. But those at the center of that world, all the privileged members of that clan, are priceless. They are caught to the life in Miss Chapman's mordant prose.

Frustrated Vienna Childhood

ONE PAGE MISSING. By Hans Yaray. Translated by Elizabeth Reynolds Hapgood. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1948. 248 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY KRANZ

BACK in 1932, Hans Yaray was Vienna's most dashing bonvivant. One day, tired of being a matinee idol, he sat down and wrote a play, "Man of Distinction." It was submitted to producers under a pseudonyn, accepted, and—Hans Yaray was offered the lead. During the rehearsals the young actor did not conceal his feelings about the poor quality of the play. He told everybody that he did not like to be in "that kind of trash," written by an unknown Mr. Hans Honneg, who, rumor had it, lived in South Africa.

However this gay, though rather conventional, light comedy turned out to be a success; and eventually Mr. Yaray began to collect royalties and applause as actor-author. (I will remember a young ingenue in that play; she displayed subtle charm and exotic personality. Her name was Luise Rainer.)

Following his first success, Mr. Yaray wrote several witty, slightly sentimental plays and one serious drama on the fantastic side, in which he starred. They were produced by Max Reinhardt. Mr. Yaray also appeared as "Hamlet," as Emperor Franz Josef, in Fritz Kreisler's "Sissy," and in several films.

When Hitler came, the "Noel Coward of Vienna" had to leave as did many of his colleagues. On Broadway he won no laurels. He went to Hollywood. The eccentric musician in "Carnegie Hall" was one of his better film parts.

"One Page Missing," his first novel, shows him rather as a warm-hearted romanticist than a carefree playboy. It is the story of a young boy in Austria before the First World War. His father and his mother are separated, and so young Mattias Stellenheim is forced to live with his grandparents, who are strict, methodical, and proper. The boy is shy, and a frightening sense of loneliness hardly ever leaves him in a world where "concentration and discipline" are regarded as the highest virtues. He might have been crushed by his emotional experiences with his parents, later with his schoolmates, and again when he falls in love for the first time, if he had not met a man who was as lonely and shy as himself, one of his teachers. Dr. Vernon and young Matthias become friends. Their relationship is misunderstood and the teacher is dismissed from his job at the school. The boy later joins him, and when he cries out "I have no father, I have no parents," Dr. Vernon adopts him as his foster son.

This makes a delicate, intimate, only occasionally dramatic story. Hans Yaray's world is the world of Arthur Schnitzler, Felix Salten, and Raoul Auernheimer, who once formed the Young Vienna school of poets and novelists. These are the authors who looked at life and death with romantic eyes and sweet melancholy, writing mostly about children, frustrated wives, despondent lovers, and people who are happy in their dreams. The simple, almost fragile narrative is given a colorful background: Vienna of the Hapsburgs with its shady park, old narrow streets, and baroque churches; Ischi, Emperor Franz Josef's summer residence with its green hills and white villas surrounded by trees and fragrant flowers.

Mr. Yaray portrays his characters in pastel colors. They are not like our contemporaries, complicated people, unable to cope with a world that is changing. They and their world no longer exist. But the story is of more than historic interest, because the theme is universal; frustrated childhood in an hostile environment, first friendship, first love, first disappointments, and finally adjustment when maturity is reached.

Lingering in the dreams of the Vienna where he was famous, the Vienna of the lilting music of Johann Strauss and Lehar. Mr. Yaray has written a human, delightfully unsentimental, and psychologically sound novel of childhood. During his years of exile the erstwhile author of sophisticated drawing-room comedies has grown up.

—*G. Maillard Kesslere.*

My Current Reading

Henry Fonda, star of stage and screen, served in the Navy during the war. Appropriately enough, he is currently appearing in the Broadway version of Thomas Heggen's naval tale, "Mister Roberts."

THE BOOKS OF CHARLES FORT, *with an introduction by Tiffany Thayer (Holt).*

STEP DOWN, ELDER BROTHER, *by Josephine Niggli (Rinehart).*

THE MEANING OF TREASON, *by Rebecca West (Viking).*

LIONS AND SHADOWS, *by Christopher Isherwood (New Directions).*

THE PEARL, *by John Steinbeck (Viking).*

THE DAYS OF H. L. MENCKEN, *by H. L. Mencken (Knopf).*

TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC, *by James A. Michener (Macmillan).*

APPOINTMENT IN SAMARRA, *by John O'hara (Harcourt, Brace).*

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Feuding in Connemara

QUENCH THE MOON. By Walter Macken. New York: The Viking Press. 1948. 377 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by VIVIAN MERCIER

CONNEMARA, a well-defined area of mountain and rugged coastline west of Galway Bay, is the locale of Walter Macken's first novel. He has peopled it with big, handsome, muscular, passionate men and with women who are their physical and emotional equals; their homes, however humble and insanitary, are always clean and neat—Mr. Macken takes great pains to tell us so. Unfortunately these handsome and gifted children of nature are cursed by grinding poverty and frequent uncontrollable impulses to murder one another.

In this Homeric world Stephen O'Riordan grows to manhood; son of an intelligent, eccentric mother who idolizes him, and of a surly, brooding father whose conscience seems to be burdened with an unacknowledged crime, he inherits elements in his character from both parents. The suspected criminality of his father is reborn in him as a taste for poaching and fighting; from his mother come the intelligence and sensibility that make him want to be a writer. He also possesses all his father's magnificent physique and all his mother's wayward charm.

It is only fitting that such a hero should be rescued from the sea by Kathleen Finnerty, sister of his deadly enemy Malachai Finnerty, the local "bailiff" or game warden; that he should at once fall in love with her; and that the story from there on should develop into an Irish "Lorna Doone" with an unhappy ending. To make up to him for the tragic end, the reader is given not one but two epic encounters between Malachai and Stephen—the second fought out to the death after Malachai has avenged the family honor by murdering his pregnant sister. We are assured in the final pages that the battered, disfigured Stephen who has just killed his enemy in self-defense will live to write a deathless novel about his eventful youth.

Mr. Macken, as you can see, has quite a story to tell and his readers will probably forgive him for the undistinguished and discursive manner in which he tells it. Power, not grace, is his strong point; his hero, too, ruminates overmuch about the wonders of human nature as revealed in wild Connemara and sophisticated Galway City (pop. 20,000). His Connemara folk do not speak the noble dialect which Synge invented for them, but the debased English of Irish townspeople—quarter Cockney, quarter Hollywood, half slipshod Irish. Stylistically the book would be much more acceptable if Mr. Macken had written it in Gaelic and then translated it literally into English, for he is an acknowledged master of the old language of Ireland.

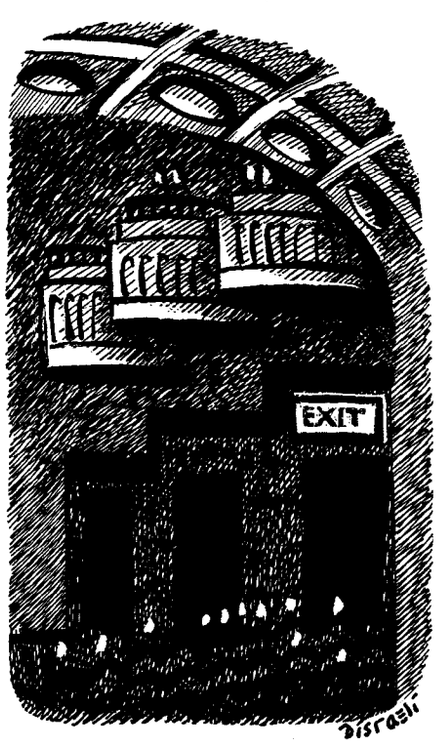
Token War

THUS AM I SLAYN. By Howard Clewes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1948. 255 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HOLLIS ALPERT

HOWARD CLEWES, a British novelist and playwright, has, in his new novel, some ironic comments to make on war and the reasons for which humanity fights wars. He has cast his story into a mingling of realistic and allegorical forms with, however, not always the most happy results.

His situation has its intriguing aspects. It is concerned with the warfare between a partisan band in the mountains of northern Italy and a German Army unit which has the unit hemmed in on all sides. But it is only a token war they fight. The Germans know exactly where the partisans are, and are kept aware of their intentions through the good offices of the town priest. On the other hand, the priest, with fine impartiality (and the desire to keep his townspeople protected) never hesitates to tell the partisans of what the Germans plan to do against them. Fighting is therefore useless and a pleasant status quo is maintained.



But it soon becomes apparent that Mr. Clewes is not after an interpretation of any particular segment of the action of World War II. It is universals which he seeks. And his partisan group, eleven strong, probably has little connection with any partisan band that may have existed in actuality. It is a curious organization, having among its members such titles as Corps Commander, Chief of Staff, Divisional Commander. Everyone in it is of a diverse nationality; there is an Englishman, a Frenchman, an Italian, a German, and assorted others. Can it be that this band represents the essence of Europe neatly collected on the mountain side? One gathers just that.

Adrian Bullivant arrives—literally out of the sky. He is a British intelligence officer, sent to lead the partisans on a mission. He is an obvious disturbance to the orderly pattern of the vicinity, since he has not only a mission, but scruples and a sense of duty, which neither the priest nor the Corps Commander can argue out of him. And when Slater of the press arrives, also from the sky, wielding the power of public opinion, Bullivant is goaded into hasty action. The attack he leads is eventually useless, for the Allied troops appear meanwhile and, mistaking the partisans for Germans, slaughter most of them.

This obviously made-up business might have come off if it had been handled with the proper amount of simplicity. But, unfortunately, even though Mr. Clewes knows when and when not to be satirical, he seems possessed with the desire to exhibit all the facets of his technical gifts.

He moves, through the minds of his characters, into the past and the future; he shows what he knows of the stream of consciousness technique. He writes mannered passages of pastoral descriptions, and stretches of terse, clipped dialogue. He seems so heavily conscious of craftsmanship that the reader can hardly help becoming conscious of it, too.

Even the characters, a large cast of them, seem to have been drawn with the aid of some sort of literary slide rule. All supposedly represent universal types—Otto the Artist, Erica the Woman, Bullivant the Man of Responsibility, Slater the Opportunist, Crosby the Bewildered Modern Man "looking for the light at the end of the tunnel." Unfortunately, they seldom spring to life, for all the "fine" writing, the knowledge of technique. In "Thus Am I Slayn" the method, all too often, soundly defeats the material.

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Murder at the Half

JUDGE LYNCH

THE pace of fictional crime lagged even more in the second quarter of this year than it did in the first three months. There were forty-seven detective-crime-mystery novels published in the quarter ending June 30, 1948. Last year the total was seventy, a net quantitative loss of fifty per cent—and, so far as a quick survey reveals, not much loss to the discriminating reader. The cry for "fewer and better" detective stories has been partially answered, although the decrease in numbers has not been over-balanced by any remarkable upsurge in quality.

The late spring and early summer mystery-publishing doldrums, which look more like the Sargasso Sea, produced very few noteworthy books by new authors. The best of the handful was the starkly tragic "Dreadful Summit" by Stanley Ellin (Simon & Schuster, $2.50). William T. McGivern's Red Badge prize-winner "But Death Runs Faster" (Dodd, Mead, $2.50) was another good item, although a bit transparent in plot. Its light touch and deft character work made it good fun, and presage better jobs by this writer. "Murder Is an Evil Business" by Marian Bramhall (Crime Club, $2) was another "first" that more than made the grade with its convincing and realistic portraits of native Cape Codders. "Murder One" by Eleazar Lipsky (Crime Club, $2) was not strictly a first, but, we believe, it was Mr. Lipsky's first cloth-bound appearance. It was a capital and completely veracious picture of the way the New York D. A.'s office chases crime and criminals.

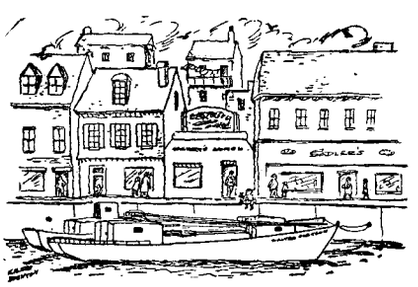
So much for the good newcomers. Now for a few vital statistics about the detective novels of the second quarter. Thirty-nine were of American origin, seven by Englishmen—and women. The one factual book of the quarter was an American product—and a good one—"Detroit Murders" edited by Alvin S. Hamer (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $3). Women writers accounted for eighteen titles, about forty per cent of the quarterly output. There were two espionage-murder yarns. The tough guys are evidently estivating. There were only six or seven of them, and some were more than a little torpid. There were seven novels in the psychological sub-division. Kenneth Millar's "The Three Roads" (Knopf, $2.50) was by far the best, although "The Frightened Child" by Dana Lyon (Harper, $2.50) and "Tremolo" by Ernest Borneman (Harper, $2.50) had their good points.

Besides "But Death Runs Faster," "Murder One," "The Three Roads," and "Dreadful Summit" the outstanding crime stories of the second quarter are, in the Judge's opinion, "I Want To Go Home" by F. and R. Lockridge—*not* a Mr. and Mrs. North story (Lippincott, $2.50); "Relative to Poison" by E. C. R. Lorac (Crime Club, $2); "The Book of the Lion" by Elizabeth Daly (Rinehart, $2); "She Walks Alone" by Helen McCloy (Random House, $2.50); "The Tortured Angel" by David Garth—an excellent postwar intrigue yarn (Coward, McCann, $2.50); "Love Lies Bleeding" by Edmund Crispin (Lippincott, $2.50); "Paul's Apartment" by Van Siller (Crime Club, $2), and, in a demurely devilish class by itself, "Miss Pym Disposes" by Josephine Tey (Macmillan, $2.50).

Out of this dozen the Judge, at present, believes that "The Three Roads" and "Dreadful Summit" will still be contenders at the year's end.

The possibly dim view of the mystery field in the above paragraphs may be brightened by the news that July mysteries, most of which are available by this time, are more numerous and better than their 1947 counterparts—and August has some excellent numbers coming up. It looks like a good summer.

Indicative of a trend in certain reprint quarters commented upon by Bennett Cerf several weeks ago is the appearance of an easily forgotten quasi-mystery of late 1946 or early '47, "Make with the Brains, Pierre" under the new and provocative title "Uneasy Virtue." One hesitates to think what certain reprinters might do with the adventures of S. Holmes if they could lay hands on them. "A Scandal in Bohemia" might well become "Was Irene Adler Chased?" and "The Musgrave Ritual" transmuted into "Her Hidden Charms."



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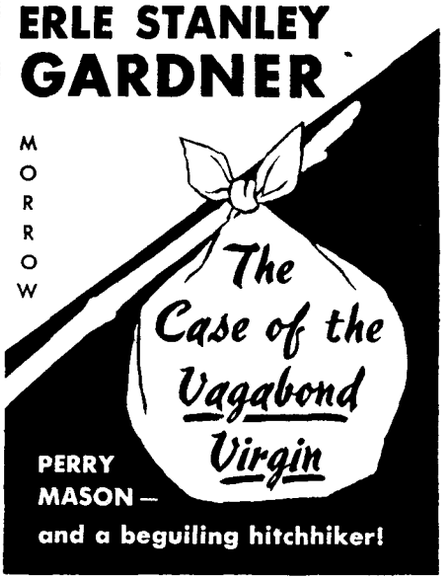

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

UPSTAIRS NEIGHBOR

EAST to West, Canada has more sights than a circus. Since ten states border the dominion, it is probably the handiest, most popular foreign sightseeing center for Americans since Little Egypt. Last year, all heads counted, some 20,000,000 Americans crossed the border into the Dominion.

One of the pleasantest summer routes out of the East is the Eastern Steamship Lines from Boston to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. The ships run Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, arrive in the Maritimes the next morning. Virtually all of Canada's big resort centers are operated by transportation interests, notably the Canadian National RR and the Canadian Pacific. At Nova Scotia CNR runs Pictou Lodge, which has a peeled-log interior, big fireplaces, and a front on the sea. CPR's Digby Pines on the Bay of Fundy has 189 rooms, thirty-one cottages, a glass-screened, warm, salt-water swimming pool, gets about $12 a day, American plan.

Biggest of Canada's provinces is Quebec, once the capital of La Nouvelle France, now the center of French Canada. More than three and a half million people live in Quebec, most of them French. On the Gaspé peninsula, which has felt the influence of the English, and the Scotch as well, you'll find MacDonald and Douglas families who can't speak a word of English. The men of the sea still hold to old Breton customs, like the Blessing of the Fishing Fleet, which takes place at Fox River every summer. A four-day excursion beginning at Mont Jolie tours the Gaspé at an all-inclusive cost of $90. Besides the local color, Gaspé is free of hayfever.

Not once, but twice enshrined by Churchill and Roosevelt, the great Chateau Frontenac (CPR) rises like a citadel over Quebec City. Winter or summer you can stay there from $11 a day for two, up. Beyond the narrow Old-World streets at the foot of the chateau, where urchins sing "Frère Jacques" for tourist pennies, are the Plains of Abraham, the monument to Wolfe and Montcalm, and the ramparts of the old city.

Besides the ships operated on Canadian waterways by the two railroads, Canada Steamship Lines has a network of cruises crisscrossing the Great Lakes and threading up the St. Lawrence past Montreal and Quebec to Manoir Richelieu, their own hotel at Murray Bay. Figure about $15 a day per person aboard ship.

In the Lake of the Woods, north of Minnesota there's a lodge behind every pine, many of them operated by stateside hotel men. Motor launch trips run through the islands, and there is fishing for bass, pickerel, pike, and maskinonge. CPR runs Devil's Gap Lodge at Kenora, gets $14 for two, American plan, for summer bungalows with bath and shower. An extra person in a cot on the veranda costs $6.25. Minaki Lodge, to the north, is CNR's counterpart. It can take 185 people, stays open until September 6, charges about $11 a day for two, American plan.

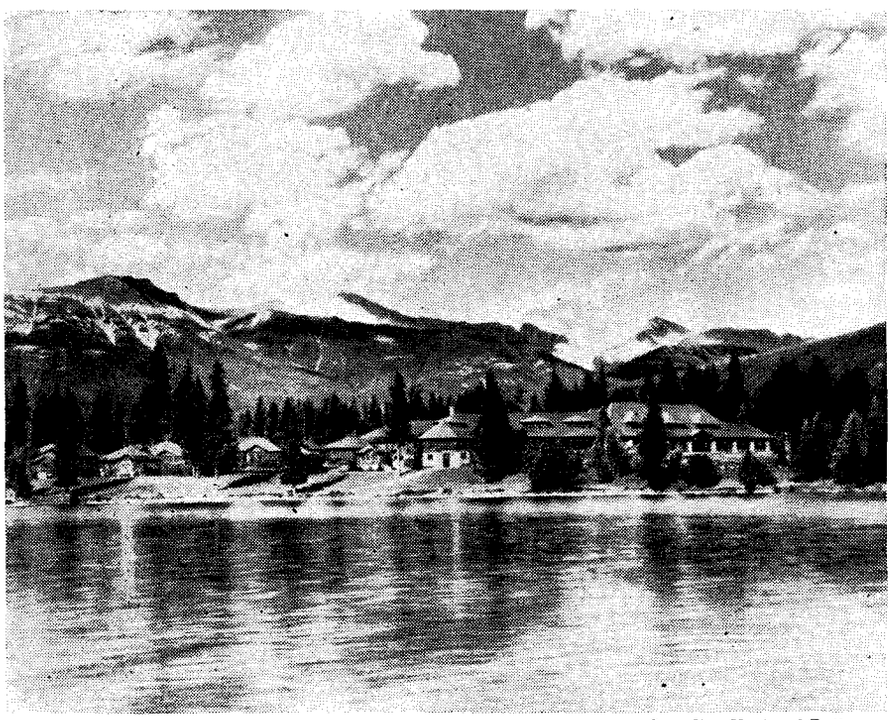
The Canadian Rockies, which sit over Idaho and Eastern Washington, are about as close as you can get to the Tyrol here in North America. Hollywood, normally a skeptical fount of culture, sent 350 people including Bing Crosby in *lederhosen,* out to Jasper for six weeks to film the "Emperor Waltz," a story of old Austria. They all stayed at the Jasper Park Lodge, which will hold 650 people, and charges anywhere from $12 to $140 a day, American plan. The road south from Jasper (CNR) to Banff (CPR) passes over the Columbia Icefields, the largest glacial body south of the Arctic and north of the Center Theatre in Rockefeller Center, which has been playing an ice show ever since Sonja Henie was a girl. Columbia Icefield is called the "Roof of the Canadian Rockies," the "Mother of Rivers"; it moves twelve inches every year, and you can ride over it in a mountain pony, or bunk on the edge of it in the Columbia Icefield Chalet.

If you get out there this, or any other, summer, you'll find Banff Springs Hotel a beautiful castle in the mountains. It has an excellent golf course, tanbark riding trains, and an outdoor, natural hot sulphur pool. The Blackfeet and Stony Indians first used the springs when convalescing from their wounds, and until the white man introduced progress and firewater, what is now the Banff golf course was the traditional site of the old Indian tribal games.

Lake Louise lies forty miles to the west, and at the chateau you can leave a "sunrise call" to watch the dawn come up over the lake. They'll only wake you if it's going to be one-of-those-sunrises which Ernie Pyle described as "the most beautiful single sight in North America."

On the way home try to arrange your finances so that you always have small American bills on hand. American and Canadian dollars are arbitrarily at par, and you may receive Canadian currency in change for an American bill. In exchanging the Canadian currency back in the United States, however, you're liable to take an eight per cent loss, and money, as you know, is becoming hard to get.

HORACE SUTTON.



—*Canadian National Railways.*

Jasper Park Lodge . . . 640 people and Bing Crosby in *lederhosen.*

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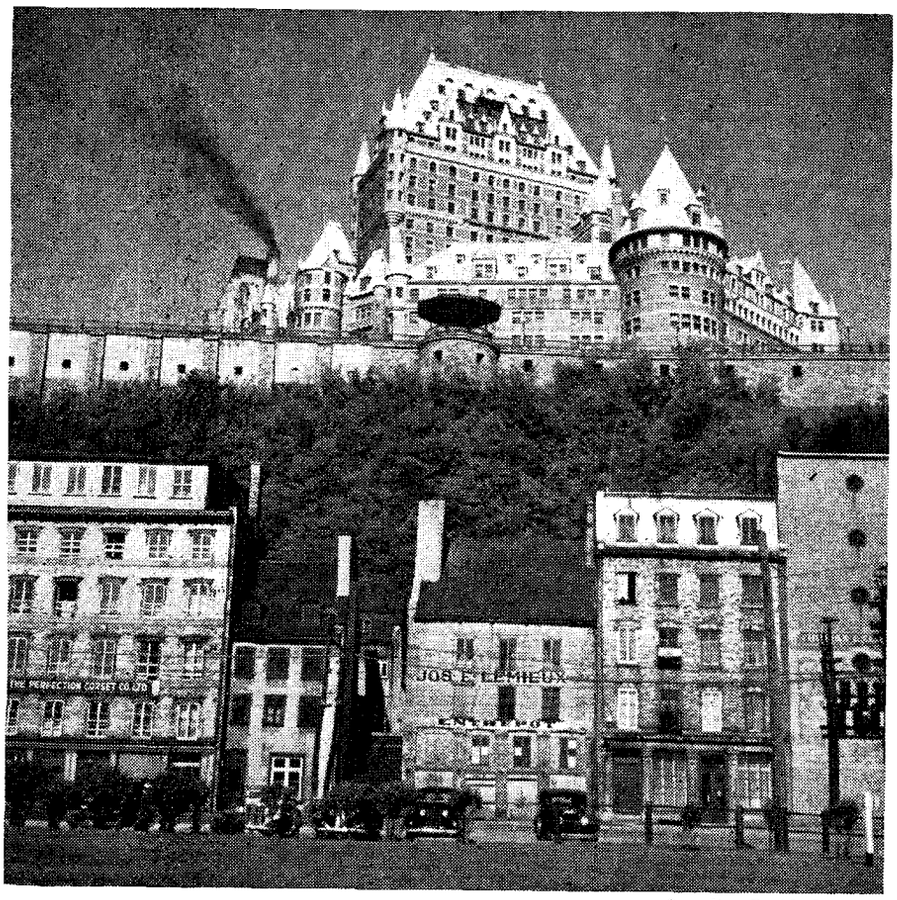


—*Canadian Pacific Railway.*

Chateau Frontenac . . . "Frère Jacques" and tourist pennies.

North of 60th Parallel

CANADA MOVES NORTH. By Richard Finnie. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 239 *pp.* $3.75.

LET'S VISIT CANADA. By Byron Steel. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1948. 496 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by MERRILL DENISON

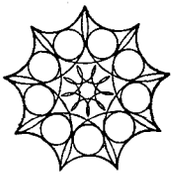
FIRST published in 1942 and now revised, Richard Finnie's "Canada Moves North" has become one of the few standard works on the vast territory that lies north of the sixtieth parallel of latitude, the line dividing Canada's prairie provinces and the Yukon and Northwest Territories.

Amazing changes have taken place since Mr. Finnie first wrote his book six years ago as a more factual sequel to his "Lure of the North," published in 1940. The romantic pitch blende deposits on Great Bear Lake were already being worked and the Yellow Knife Camp on Great Slave had been established but the Alaska Highway was still a crazy dream and the North was still unknown to all but the natives, the Mounties, the Hudson Bay Company, and Bush Pilots. Canadian school geographies still described the NWT as a frozen and forbidding waste and the Government departments charged with its supervision knew little and seemed to care less about the needs of its people or the possibilities of its development.

A native of the Yukon himself, Mr. Finnie set out to correct some of the ignorance concerning the land of his birth and mature adoration. In this he was assisted by historical events: global air routes gave the North a strategic importance it never had before and the cough of the Diesel bulldozer is now more familiar than the call of the bull moose.

Scheduled daily flights have replaced the bush pilots of half a dozen years ago and from Edmonton's huge airport fan out routes that cover the tremendous quadrant that swings with the Arctic Circle from the Yukon to Churchill on Hudson's Bay. But these events in no way minimize the value or importance of Mr. Finnie's contribution. Brought up to date, "Canada Moves North" remains one of the most reliable and entertaining books yet written on a little known region which has immeasurable future importance for both Canada and the United States. Alberta's tar sands alone may hold the answer to our diminishing oil supplies as Steep Rock and Ungava may prove our salvation when the Missabi Range is finally exhausted.

Somewhat different in design and execution is "Let's Visit Canada," a



Religious Education To Heal an Ailing Society

THE main point about an ailing society is the number and diversity of its sectarian creeds.

Divisions of faith in God prevent the people from attaining the moral unity needed to generate power enough to uproot the real causes of social disease.

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Lack of a common standard of truth produces the condition of crisis in which the only apparent choice is between two irreconcilable extremes. Thus by spiritual failure the road to violence is prepared.

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practical guide for tourist, sportsman, and vacationist by Byron Steel. As its name implies, the book is a gazetteer of information needed by the traveler and covers such matters as hotels, scenic and historic features, fishing areas, and so forth. It is not quite clear whether Mr. Steel has visited Canada himself but if he has, someone took him for an awful ride on native foods. Food is not one of Canada's great distinctions, but it is not as bad as someone has led Mr. Steel to imagine—and report. For example, the writer has lived in Ontario on and off most of his life but he has yet to meet "Ontario Pioneer Pie, a meat dish consisting of chicken, rabbit, meat or game in season." Or, for that matter, "blueberry meringue tart."

Trekking Cabot Trail

CAPE BRETON: Isle of Romance. By Arthur Walworth. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1948. 172 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by LARRY NIXON

ARTHUR WALWORTH obviously has a lot of friends who come to him for travel advice, and who come back after they've made the trip to register complaints, because he has carefully pointed out disadvantages as well as the pleasure possibilities of the Isle of Romance that is part of Canada's province of Nova Scotia. This careful dampening of the author's enthusiasm likely makes the work more useful, but its best bits come when the writer forgets hard-to-please people and tells of his own personal joys and his own delight at the escape from modernism that is found in this most interesting land.

Carefully inserting a bit of history here and a bit there he nevertheless has produced a you-can-do-it-too volume that will send many readers to the auto-guide maps ready to plan the trip around the Cabot Trail. Factually the book seems sound.

As a travel-book fan I can approve of the casual reference to the co-operatives, yet as one interested in the ways of meeting daily life practised in foreign parts I wish he had given a little more detail on the development of these enterprises that have produced the "pride of ownership" together with " a living wage."

Only one who has sought pictures of this quaint land can realize how thoroughly the fine illustrations cover the subject.

Larry Nixon is the author of "See Canada Next," "American Vacations," and "Vagabond Voyaging."

JAPAN: PROPAGANDA TO PORNOGRAPHY

(*Continued from page* 9)

manager for the *New York Herald Tribune,* set out one day to run down a story of rigid censorship of labor news in Japanese newspapers. After some difficulty an appointment was arranged with an officer high in the censorship division. This was the greeting upon my arrival:

"Mr. Chapman, are you a Communist?"

There is another, and purely mechanical, reason why Japanese publishers pick at all manuscripts until in some cases only the bare bones are left. All Japanese type is set by hand. This is a laborious and costly process. If, after it is completed, the censors insist upon any major deletions the necessary changes can easily wipe out the profits from the entire project.

Closely allied to the censorship division is the Civil Information and Education Section. It is this writer's considered opinion that it would be impossible to find a group of men less fitted for their work than those holding key positions in this section. There is nothing in their experience or background to equip them for the gigantic task of educating a nation of 78,000,000 in democracy.

Nothing was more needed, after Japan's surrender, to insure the accomplishment of occupation objectives than books. Books of all kinds. Books written in an atmosphere of freedom. Books to bring the Japanese people the information and ideas from which they had been shut off for years, to stimulate Japanese authors to put their own ideas on paper. Applications from publishers for rights to American books poured into MacArthur's headquarters.

The Civil Information and Education Section thereupon embarked upon a program of obfuscation wondrous to behold. Applicants were given a continuous runaround; they could get clear-cut decisions on nothing. The section became bogged down in a morass of postal regulations, Trading with the Enemy Acts, and other technicalities.

MEANWHILE the Soviet Union gave Japanese publishers carte blanche to publish anything by Russian authors they could lay their hands on. The United Kingdom diplomatic mission in Tokyo did everything in its power to facilitate obtaining necessary rights from British authors and publishers.

Men of vision would have cut through legal obstacles in so important a cause. Laws have been passed and changed and repealed in the United States for lesser causes. Many American authors were, and still are, willing to forego royalties temporarily or accept them in blocked yen. Certain publishers were prepared to take a similar position concerning their rights in important books.

Finally, on September 1, 1947, the section entered into an agreement with the Japan Publishers Association for the handling of foreign copyrights and translation of such foreign books as the section might approve. Under the agreement the section will present to the publishers lists of books which it recommends for publication in Japan. Publishers may make offers for other foreign books but such offers must be limited to "such technical, scientific, and professional books as will be further fulfilment of the Potsdam Agreement and such other books as may be essential for classroom use."

Here is a belated beginning. It remains to be seen what and how many books will be approved. As this is being written a controversy is raging over whether or not permission will be granted for the publication in Japan of Edgar Snow's books on the Far East and John Hersey's "Hiroshima."

The complex subject of language reform in Japan could be the basis of another long article but will be discussed here only as it affects book publishing at the present time. There have been strong and continued movements to simplify written Japanese in order to reach a greater number of readers. This would involve a reduction of the number of Chinese ideographs used and the substitution of phonetic symbols or even the Roman alphabet. Book publishers are hesitant about embarking upon any ambitious projects until there is some agreement on this score.

Japanese authors and editors face also the question of future use of "honorifics." The language as presently constituted provides for special words when one is talking "up" (to a superior) or "down" (to an inferior). There is an especially flowery style for addressing the Emperor. An author wrote an article for the magazine *Shakai* (Society) entitled "An Open Letter to the Emperor." He wrote in the language of the man in the street. When the magazine appeared he found to his rage and disgust that the editors had changed the entire article into "high honorific" and the title had become "My Humble Hopes for the Emperor."

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the Phoenix Nest

SHENANDOAH? SHENANDOAH?

SAY "Shenandoah"—with four syllables,
Conjure up the forage cap, Confederate gray:
Jackson striking like a fist of stone;
Sheridan, the scourge, a spear of flame,
So thorough he reports that even a crow
Cawing across the valley would probably starve
For lack of a kernel of corn
If he didn't pack his supplies.
—Time forgets and the ghosts give out.
Shenandoah? Apple blossoms, an ocean of them,
Fragrance riding the wind
All the way down to Richmond.

Take any name—"Verdun,"
Pétain's "They shall not pass!"—In cyclone swaths of steel
A million men mown down.
Relive our own gaunt days—"Ardennes,"
Hitler's last mad gamble;
On snow-capped tourist hills
The corpses heaped, the scrap-iron shattered tanks.

Grass forgets, the granite wheel of time
Turns on, and in the flaming dusk
The Great Bear strides the sky.
Skirmishes of men a moth-wing's feeble flight
On a spark that glows and fades
In a gulf where sparks are showers.
Shenandoah? Shenandoah?

JOSEPH PAYNE BRENNAN.

* * *

Perhaps there is no issue today so controversial as that of human liberty, and of how much the Collective Self should be cultivated at the expense of the Individual Self, or vice versa. Talking the other day to a production engineer (the late Frank Rieber, cut off untimely, at the peak of his powers!), he ventured the apothegm that the hallmark of true democracy is, perhaps, the freedom to take a chance. Certainly, if the routine of all our days, from the cradle to the grave, ruled out the possibility of taking a chance, on our own recognizance, and with ourselves responsible for failure to ourselves alone, we should be a "kept" people not a free. The instinct to rise up against unjust conditions is the best part of revolutions. The worst part is the inevitable imposition, after accomplishment, of some new form of tyranny. I have every sympathy with social planning and with economic experiment, until both begin to harden into a worse form of oligarchy than the original one. There are no more contemptible minds than those of men with a little power, who are subserviently trying to please those who rule with rigid authority. That holds true under any form of government.

Seven years ago, an address was given at the Elizabethan Club in New Haven, the only club of which I am a member, by the distinguished Judge Learned Hand, of the United States Circuit Court. It was later printeed as a little book by The Overbrook Press of Stamford, Conn., and its title is "Liberty." I *take* the liberty, here, of quoting from it three paragraphs. It is a good little book to keep by one in a time of tumult and change. It is a book with humor and sanity.

> James Harvey Robinson used to say that we rose from the ape because like him we kept "monkeying around," always meddling with everything about us. True, there is a difference, because, although the ape meddles, he forgets, and we have learned, first to meddle and remember, and then to meddle and record. But without the meddling nothing would have happened of all that glorious array of achievement: battleships, airplanes, relativity, the proton, neutron, and electron, TNT, poison gas, sulfathiazole, the "Fifth Symphony," "The Iliad," "The Divine Comedy," "Hamlet," "Faust," "The Critique of Pure Reason," "Das Kapital," the Constitution of the United States, the Congress of Industrial Organizations, Huey Long, and the New Deal. All these from just "monkeying around!"
>
> My thesis is that any organization of society which depresses free and spontaneous meddling is on the decline, however showy its immediate spoils; I maintain that in such a society Liberty is gone, little as its members may know it; that the Nirvana of the individual is too high a price for a collective Paradise. I maintain this primarily as an authentic demand of the spirit—*animula vagula blandula . . . quae nunc abibis in loca* and I maintain it too as practical sagacity. Because, once you get people to believing that there is an authoritative well of wisdom to which they can turn for absolutes, you have dried up the springs on which they must in the end draw even for the things of this world.
>
> As soon as we cease to pry about at random, we shall come to rely upon accredited bodies of authoritative dogma; and as soon as we come to rely upon accredited bodies of authoritative dogma, not only are the days of our Liberty over, but we have lost the password that has hitherto opened to us the gates of success as well. Even in that very technology on which they so much pride themselves, the totalitarians in the end will fail; for they stand upon the shoulders of generations of free inquiry. No doubt they will try to keep their hands off materially profitable activities; but they will finally learn that you cannot put men's minds in water-tight compartments; you cannot have a nation, each one of whom is half slave and half free, any more than you can have a nation in which half are wholly slave and half are wholly free. Where heterodoxy in what men prize most is a crime, fresh thinking about anything will disappear. Even the loaves and fishes will not be multiplied.

Those are about the wisest words I have read lately, though they were not said recently. I know a number of liberals—and conservatives too!—who seem exaltedly oblivious of any such danger, just as I know sincere pessimists who can only see the human race as making poison gas, the atomic bomb, and indulging in mass murder; obviously incapable of the "Fifth Symphony," "Hamlet," or the conception of a federation of the world! But if human history is dark with innocent blood, it is also bright with feats of the mind and spirit. If it is rich with folly, it is also notable for the sage and steadfast. If it strikes off old chains only to load itself with new, there is still a spark of imperishable insurrection at its core. Therefore, O Procrustes, bide thou yet a little while!

* * *

OUR PHOTOGENIC AUTHORS

Capote's lying on a couch,
While Waugh's urbane with derby;
Jackson is in reflective mood,
A well-filled pipe has Yerby.
Goudge corrects her manuscript;
Sharp's coy with bangs and glasses.
A photograph is, obviously,
The passport to Parnassus!

NAN EMANUEL.

* * *

FATE

Man seldom gets his every wish;
The nibble's not the frying fish.

ARCHIE BLIRER.

* * *

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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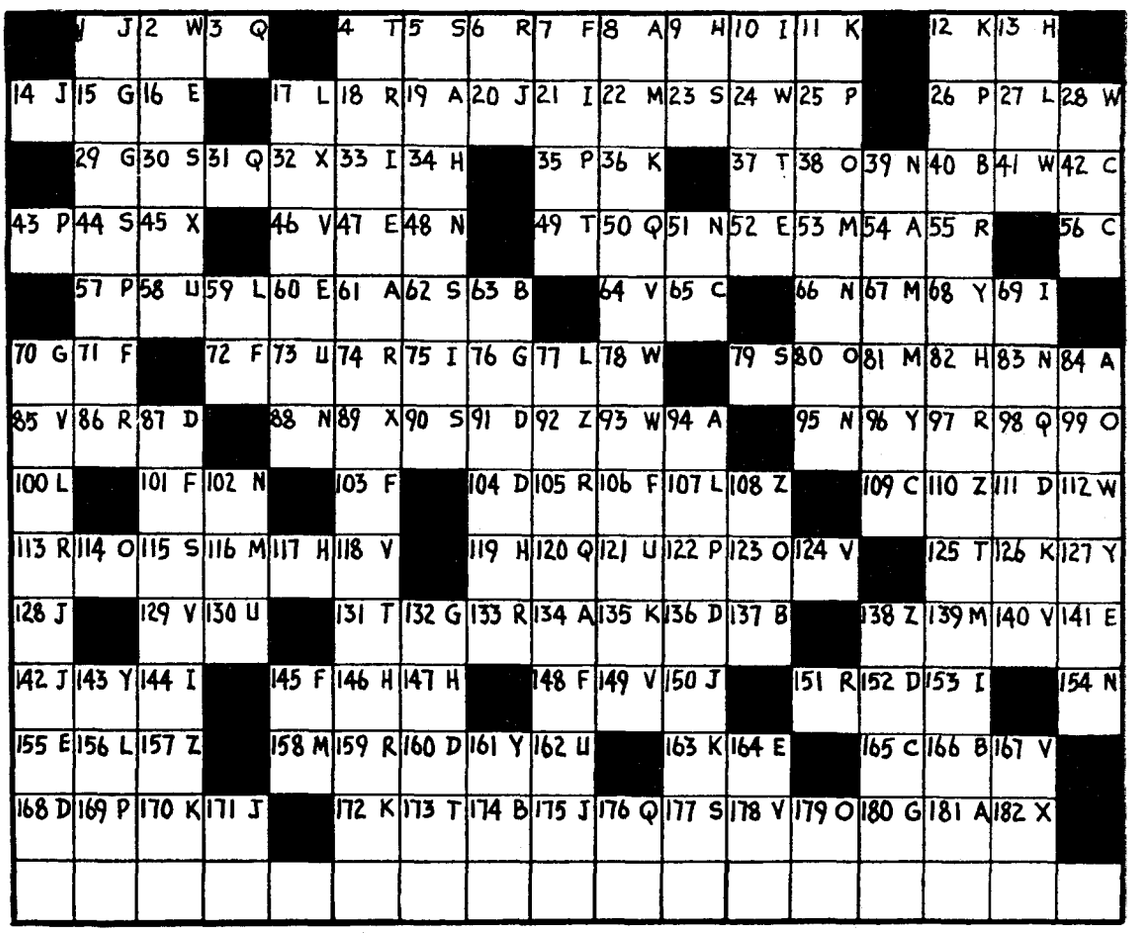
B. Belgian virtuoso violinist and composer (1858-1931).	137 174 166 63 40
C. A lord or grandee of a Mohammedan court in India.	65 109 42 56 165
D. A small lump of coal (dial. Eng.).	87 152 168 91 136 160 111 104
E. Pertaining to the abode of the dead as conceived by the Hebrews (Bib. origin).	16 141 164 47 60 155 52
F. To block up; to obstruct.	145 71 72 101 7 103 148 106
G. An old sibyl at Torquilstone Castle ("Ivanhoe").	70 76 180 15 29 132
H. Mean; trashy.	82 117 119 147 34 9 13 146
I. An ascent toward a better state.	75 69 144 10 21 153 33
J. An inferior kind of jade, used in art objects and beads.	171 150 175 14 20 142 1 128
K. Threw Portland cement on stonework to intensify the shadows.	11 126 172 12 36 163 170 135
L. Fine linen or crepe dyed the color of geranium lake.	27 77 17 59 100 107 156
M. A shaggy, long-haired Russian dog used for herding.	81 158 53 22 67 139 116
N. The true state or value of things (2 wds.; colloq.).	66 88 51 39 102 154 95 83 48
O. One of the sea nymphs attendant on Poseidon (Gr. myth.).	38 99 123 179 114 80
P. A festival in honor of Mars, held Feb. 27 and Mar. 14 (Rom. relig.).	169 57 122 35 25 43 26
Q. Jesuit missionary to the Orient, called "Apostle of the Indies" (1506-52; canonized).	50 176 98 120 3 31
R. In art, a detail resembling a leaf.	133 159 55 6 113 86 151 97 105 74 18
S. A sound of sharp, repeated rapping or tapping (comp.).	90 79 177 115 5 62 23 30 44
T. One or the other of two alternatives.	49 37 125 4 173 131
U. A deep sigh.	130 73 58 121 162
V. Hilarious with laughter (after *be*; 2 wds.).	85 46 167 178 129 64 118 149 124 140
W. Any clumsy coasting or cargo vessel.	28 78 112 41 2 24 93
X. Observed with fixed attention.	89 45 32 182
Y. Customary; ordinary; conventional.	143 96 127 68 161
Z. A slave (Old Eng. hist.).	108 157 92 110 138

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the DEFINITIONS each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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IMPRESSIONS

THREE current issues, dropped into the routine of releases from RCA Victor and Columbia, without inordinate fanfare, are heartening indication of a worth-while trend—one is a suite from Aaron Copland's "Rodeo" ballet music, another David Diamond's "Romeo and Juliet" suite, a third the long awaited first recording of Charles Ives's "Concord Sonata." All arrived somewhat late for inclusion of reviews in the current issue of RECORDINGS (next month's issue will include a discussion of the Ives work by Nicolas Slonimsky) but the point they make should not be ignored.

It is, merely, that the interest in works by native composers has developed sufficiently so that not merely the potentially popular (like the Copland suite) but also the rigorously recondite (like the Ives) can be undertaken with fair expectation of a market. Something more than a dozen years ago it seemed that only a sponsored series of subscription issues could accomplish the desired end, and I so surmised in an article for the now defunct *Modern Music*. But the vast expansion of the phonographic public since then, and the greatly enhanced prestige of American composition in the decade of 1935-1945, has brought into being the beginning of an American repertory on discs.

However, it is still very much *only* a beginning. It might be worth the research effort involved for our major companies to study the public response, composer by composer, of the American music produced in that decade—and before—for a new evaluation of what should now be recorded. My own ready recommendations would include Copland's "Second Hurricane" (a charming work, if the memory of a single performance is accurate); Randall Thompson's "Second Symphony" and "Americana" settings; Marc Blitzstein's "No for an Answer"; Samuel Barber's cello concerto and "Medea" music; Virgil Thomson's "Mother of Us All," to supplement the "Four Saints" excerpts due soon from RCA; Oscar Levant's piano concerto; Finney's string quartet; Lukas Foss's "Song of Songs," and Robert Russell Bennett's "Variations on a Theme by Jerome Kern."

These are merely ready recommendations, based on the recollections of attentive concert-going during that period. Further suggestions are invited. They will be passed along to the responsible hands.

IRVING KOLODIN, Editor,
SRL RECORDINGS.

AUGUST, 1948

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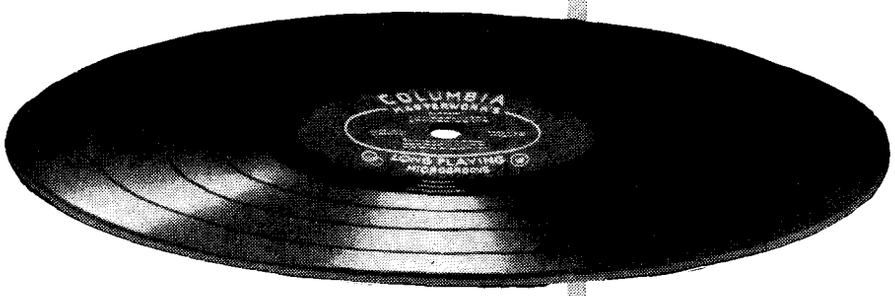

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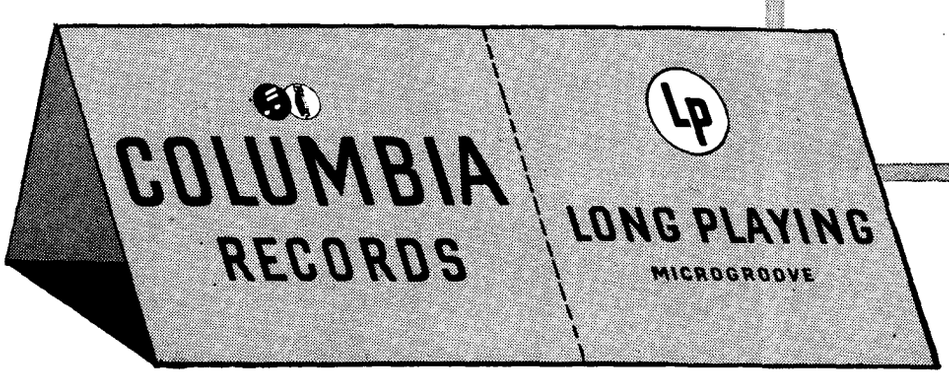

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The Saturday Review of Recordings

A Year of RECORDINGS

IRVING KOLODIN

WITH this issue, RECORDINGS completes its first circuit of the calendar, having passed each of the twelve poles that mark the yearly divisions. Since the phonographic year tends to parallel the theatrical season (beginning approximately in September and extending through June, with July and August as an interim period) it is reasonable to leaf back through the months passed, and consider the shape of things that have come.

A rather foreboding commentary, in the first issue of RECORDINGS, ("Pax Petrillo") was provoked by the threat of another recording ban when the then-effective contract expired on December 31. The contract expired, the ban came, and it is still in effect, eight months later. It is, of course, the dominant fact in record production at the present time, especially in the field of popular music, with no indication of a weakening by either side.

So long as a "Now Is the Hour" or a "Nature Boy" (plucked from the "ice box" in which masters are kept until a production man holds up a finger and determines that the wind is in the right quarter for a popular success) can be promoted as hits, so long will the manufacturers see no occasion for parley with Petrillo. Some have said that November will see the resumption of recording on all fronts, but whether necessity is the mother of invention, or the wish father to the thought, there appears to be nothing relative in the choice of November rather than October or January—except that the selected date would permit a freshet of merchandise for the Christmas season.

In his latest communication to the public—as, indeed, in many since his famous appearance before the Congressional committee last February—Petrillo has confirmed the opinion expressed here long ago that his target was not the home-user of phonograph records (in his own figure, eighty per cent of the market for conventional discs), but the twenty per cent of marginal trade comprised of disc jockeys, juke boxes, and tavern-keepers who have supplanted live musicians with record players. His bill of particulars against these was so specific that a member of the committee was moved to announce, during the hearings, that he would propose legislation controlling such use of records, with a fee per play as compensation. Since the Congress adjourned without finding time to vote funds for the UN construction in New York, it is hardly confounding that a matter of this domestic nature never even reached the floor.

Such legislation is the obvious, logical solution of the dilemma, but the impasse remains. It is as though a bridge were declared unsafe for two-ton trucks, and the police forbade pedestrians to use it. Petrillo has made much of his desire to win the sympathy of the public for his men. I think such sympathy exists, but it is rapidly being exhausted by the dilatory, unrealistic tactics he is pursuing. In his zeal to prevent the twenty-per-cent users of records from further exploitation of this merchandise, he is penalizing everyone else, including the members of his union, the orchestral societies which employ them through the country, not to mention allied union craftsmen employed in the production of records. The record buyer has long since learned that there is no one to look out for his interests.

James Caesar Petrillo—"Sympathy is rapidly being exhausted."

FURTHERMORE, if it is the intent of this ban to punish disc jockeys and juke-box operators, that could be accomplished by a restraint not on *all* record making, but on the specific kinds that they use. Why, for example, should eight months have been gouged from the recording career of Arturo Toscanini? This is a deprivation to us and to posterity that no reasonable man could justify with a clear conscience. Certainly the juke boxes are hardly famished for the Toscanini version of Beethoven's "Ninth" that we have long awaited, or the operas he was scheduled to do. In ordinary circumstances, it is likely that the American premiere of Vaughan Williams's "Sixth Symphony" during this year's Berkshire Festival would be preserved on records for all to hear. Now it must remain an experience restricted to those able and willing to make the journey to Tanglewood.

These are isolated instances of irretrievable loss to the record-buying public from the all-or-nothing policy decided upon by the unilateral decision of the All-Powerful. Perhaps it is the suspicion of Petrillo that a dispensation in favor of resuming classical recording would result in RCA Victor sneaking through a new version of "Moten Swing" under the cloak of Toscanini doing the "Emperor" concerto with Rubinstein. Since the union has a representative at every authorized recording session, no matter where or when it occurs, it would be a relatively simple matter to control—to separate the airable from the non-airable, to the benefit of the latter. If he would care to see the

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adjectives applied to himself altered from "harsh," "dictatorial," "short sighted," to "wise," "constructive," "visionary"—all he has to do is to give this word.

We await the word with special impatience since the time of singing of bird has come and the voice of ffrr is heard through the land. Disguise it as they will, there can be no question that all manufacturers, domestic and foreign, are conscious of the existence of a new standard by which reproduced sound is to be measured. It was something of a far-off rumble a year ago. There were then such disturbing manifestations as Ansermet's "Petrouchka," an isolated single here and there, but the steady stream of English Decca-sponsored merchandise since then (including such not-to-be-despised matters as Muench's "Daphnis et Chloe," a substantially complete, if not completely substantial "Orfeo," and the forthcoming version of the Brahms "Alto Rhapsody" with Kathleen Ferrier) have suggested that this kind of tonal lightning can strike again, and again, and again. In an allied way, London (English Decca's American outlet for light material) has done equally brilliant things with Lehar, Kalmann, and Johann Strauss, among others.

The transatlantic echo is there to hear for anyone attentive to some recent Beecham records and Furtwängler's first symphony of Brahms from Vienna, so far as HMV is concerned; or the "Peter Grimes" excerpts and the "German Requiem" of Brahms, from Vienna, on English Columbia. It is hardly surprising that both should follow the lead of English Decca if one did, for HMV and English Columbia are entities controlled by the holding company known as EMI (Electrical & Musical Industries). They use identical studios, engineers, and recording processes, diverging only at the level where artists are engaged and repertory is assigned.

SO FAR as overt acceptance of this foreign "ideology" is concerned, the domestic companies are definitely isolationist, implying, somehow, that the symbol ffrr is hardly less subversive than OGPU or NEP. But there is a suspiciously bright and ample sound to RCA Victor's "Sleeping Beauty" album, with Stokowski, and Columbia's "Comedians" of Kabalevsky, with Kurtz, to suggest an aspiration to the quality of ffrr, if not a praise-Allah obeisance to the symbol. We are not inclined to stand either on ceremony or symbols, and if the local engineers care to describe it as XYZ, or QT, it will sound as sweet.

For that matter, there is a constant undercurrent among American record-

makers which asserts that ffrr is fine and all that, but what really makes English Decca records sound the way they do is that marvellous Kingsway Hall, with its superlative suitability for phonograph recording. This seems to be more than a matter of jealous sniping, for both RCA Victor and Columbia, in the year one of RECORDINGS, have devoted blood, tears, and fortune to the creation of ideal sound surroundings for their major activities in New York.

RCA, which was evicted from its premises in the Lotus Club on 57th Street as a consequence of the sale of that building, has developed a considerable space on an upper floor of the old Manhattan Opera House on 34th Street as its own "Little Kingsway." It was here that the "Sleeping Beauty" records were made, and it is from here that much work in the future may be anticipated. Following some drastic renovations for radio purposes, Columbia has given up the effort to work in Liederkranz Hall (which served for a variety of undertakings from Bruno Walter's "Eroica" to Oscar Levant's Grieg concerto) and claimed an abandoned church (more recently a broadcasting studio) on East 28th Street as its arena for a brave new world of recording. Whether either of these can supplant Carnegie Hall as the happiest hunting ground for pure recorded sound on Manhattan Island remains for the future to determine. Economics, as well as acoustics, are involved. We retain open ears as well as an open mind.

With those ears and that mind, we hope to report at the end of year two of RECORDINGS that some settled attitude toward the objectives of a phonograph recording will have been achieved. What the native recording directors have been pondering in these eight months of their leisure, I wouldn't know, nor would I dare to ask them. But it must be plain to them, as well as to the lay listener, that there are infinite opinions at large, governing the results that are heard. There is the "overall-pickup" dogma (most faithfully followed by English Decca), which argues the function of a recording to be a blend of all the elements contained in a score. There is the "multi-pickup" school (whose graduates, *cum laude*, are the Stravinsky "Baiser de la Fée," from the Republic sound studio in Hollywood, and Stokowski's "Sleeping Beauty") which cherishes individual clarity as the basis of total effect. Beecham's recent HMV's are apparently predicated on a revaluation of any standard score in terms of how it can be made to sound when thoroughly microphoned, occasionally yielding something rather hair-raising, if never heard before on land or sea. Locally, Columbia's best efforts suggest, as an ideal, the reproduction of a perfect broadcast of a concert performance. That procedure has its definite perils, however, for some very skilful conductors have asserted, privately, the difficulty of conducting for both a visible and an invisible audience. If Columbia's engineers can bring these dissident factors into alignment, it would be a notable feat.

It would be a particularly notable feat for Columbia, identified as it is with the No. 1 phenomenon of this year—or, for that matter, of any postwar year—the "Long Playing" record. Both in efficiency and economy it represents a condition to which the industry has been tending ever since cylinder recording gave way to discs. Combined with recording of high fidelity—to which its other features seem singularly adaptable (vinylite, light needle pressure, constant quality from inside to outside)—it can scarcely be denied its potentials for utility and enjoyment.

THERE are those who consider it a mere detour en route to such higher objectives as tape or wire recording of infinite length, or discs cut by the "hill and dale" rather than the lateral method. (This latter jargon is laboratory-derived, describing a record in which the point rides an up-and-down cut on the bottom of groove, rather than the conventional abrasions on the sides.) All of these have their deficiencies, however,—especially wire or tape, whose frequency response is questionable, and whose unwieldiness cannot compete with the convenience of a flat disc. In any case, none of them has had so much laboratory development behind it as the flat disc, of whatever cut. Columbia's symphony to a side, or two tone-poems to two sides, will satisfy most of us for this year, and several years to come.

As a more mundane though not inconsequential development, I may mention the assurance given to me recently by James Murray, president of RCA Victor, that "all Victor records of single items contained in albums can be ordered separately, and should be supplied on request by dealers." Mr. Murray affirmed his position by reference to testimony given some months back before a Senate commit-

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tee, in which a similar statement was put on the record. He did not undertake to say whether all dealers would cooperate in this service, and he acknowledged that wartime demands of production *had* limited the company's capacity to supply such single records. However, such pressure no longer existed, said Mr. Murray, which is good news for anyone who wishes to add new Landowska records to old from her recent album; or individual elements of a Horowitz album, or, even, special sides from the series of "Sea Chanties" recently made by Leonard Warren, not to mention individual Maggie Teytes, or Rubinsteins. An inquiry to Columbia reveals that it, too, will supply single discs from any album.

On the whole, it was a year in which good things far over-balanced bad, in which there were such accessions to the recorded literature as two "Messiahs," two "German Requiems" of Brahms, Mendelssohn's "Elijah," Bach's "B minor Mass," the Mozart "Requiem," a complete "Hansel and Gretel," among many others; a new version of Beethoven's "Rasoumovsky" quartets, a Mahler fifth, a first complete recording of a work by Charles Ives, the second quartet of Bloch, and works self-conducted by Milhaud and Mascagni, Stravinsky, and even Khatchaturian.

For a certainty, there was not a month in which the list of desirable merchandise was not beyond the budget of any phono-spendthrift, even the best-favored. For the second year of RECORDINGS we can wish nothing more than better lists and bigger budgets.

Meet André Previn

THIS started out to be a bit of propaganda on behalf of a pianist of whom only the following was known: His name was André Previn, the picture on the album cover of RCA Victor P 214 was palpably that of a young man, and his playing, with an instrumental trio, of such choice songs as "I Didn't Know What Time It Was," Gershwin's "But Not for Me," "This Can't Be Love," "Mad About the Boy," "Just One of Those Things," and "Should I?" (as well as "Hallelujah" and "My Shining Hour") suggested a young European who had listened avidly, and profitably, to Teddy Wilson and Art Tatum.

At its best, Previn's playing spoke of fine, steady rhythm, neat embellishment of the melody—and in such a tune as "Just One of Those Things"—real grace of the sort that few pianists but the Wilson-Sullivan-Bushkin clan attains. Some of the patterns sound suspiciously as though they had been written out in a study rather than dreamed up in a performance, but that would seem permissible if the young man *was* the young man he appeared to be and perhaps not fully confident of carrying the melodic interest of eight sides wholly by himself. In any case, it seemed a little word-of-print on his behalf might encourage some interest, result in a demand (of sorts) for his records, possibly even stimulate a bistro to engage Previn as its post-World War II Duchin.

That, however, was before some effort was made to discover who Previn is—and the propaganda impulse now seems a little superfluous. For Previn—whose uncle, Charles Previn, has conducted the scores of many Hollywood musicals, among them those that introduced Deanna Durbin to the public—is not perishing for want of public acclaim; he is profitably employed as a music director for MGM. At least, the impression that he was youthful was not unfounded, or that he was a European. Previn, for all his records and the music-director job, is now but eighteen years old. He was born in Berlin, where his father—brother of Charles—was a piano teacher. They left Germany in 1938, which coincided with the beginning of André's musical training, and have lived in Beverly Hills ever since.

HAD there been no Hitler and no racial persecution, Previn might have remained in Germany, dutifully playing something by Träger rather than Porter, or Braun instead of Nacio Herb Brown. He would do it well, of that there is little question; but it is even preferable that he came here, found his niche—after a bitter struggle lasting from the day of his graduation from Beverly Hills High School to the next morning, when he reported to the studio—and time to make these records. Whether apt performers of Gershwin are more valuable than apt interpreters of Chopin is a pointless discussion, but they aren't any commoner.

So far, young Previn's film career has run to rather routine jobs—if a prodigy of eighteen can be reconciled with "routine"—such as scoring the boogie-woogie solo Iturbi played in "Holiday in Mexico," scoring and playing incidental solos in "Cynthia," "The Unfinished Dance," and "Fiesta." None of these are likely to win Academy Awards for musical distinction, but it is evident that Previn doesn't have to depend on his piano playing to make a living.

That could, possibly, be a misfortune; for the kind of piano playing he does in "But Not for Me," "This Can't Be Love," "Mad About the Boy," and the other slow-tempo sides is something notable and worth listening to. It was the impulse to say that which started this investigation, and whatever else it turned up shouldn't obscure the gist of the message—Previn is an uncommon pianist, and this album one of the pleasantest things in months.

JOHN ROBERTS.

André Previn—"a bitter struggle from the day of graduation until the next morning."

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The Basic Record Library
Instrumental Works

Richard Strauss

SOLO WITH ORCHESTRA

Burleske (Piano and Orchestra). Victor's recent issue of this early, melodious, and fanciful work is a welcome evidence of continuing interest in it, but one would have to be fond of it, indeed, to find these qualities in the recording by Claudio Arrau with Désiré Defauw directing the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. I find Arrau abrupt and angular, Defauw not much of a contrary influence. Moreover, the recorded sound is without the resonance one expects today, and a Weber "Konzertstück" must be accepted as part of the package (see page 48).

TONE POEMS

Also Sprach Zarathustra. Though the American catalogues show only the wonderful, but faded Koussevitzky version and a dullish one by Stock, there is no reason to despair. RCA Victor has a Rodzinski-Chicago Symphony performance awaiting release (during the winter), and it promises well.

Aus Italien: "On the Shores of Sorrento." A curio now nearly a decade old, and not likely to be replaced soon, the version Stock made with the Chicago Orchestra for RCA Victor still has its utility.

Don Juan. Several issues from foreign sources (see IMPORTS) are superior to the current best in the domestic lists. Of the latter, Reiner's with the Pittsburgh Symphony has the most drive and vitality, but the orchestra, at the time of this recording, had not attained its more recent proficiency and the reproduction was thin in sound. Louder, if not more imaginative, is the Kindler-National Symphony effort in RCA Victor album 914.

Don Quixote. If RCA adds the Beecham-Royal Philharmonic version made last year to its catalogue, it will automatically take precedence over either the Ormandy-Feuermann-Philadelphia version, or the Reiner-Piatigorsky-Pittsburgh set. Till that time, Feuermann's magnificent playing of the cello part is ample reason for buying the Ormandy-conducted performance; also, reason for treasuring it indefinitely.

Ein Heldenleben. Reiner's vigorous, well-informed direction of this score is one of the best of his Pittsburgh Symphony recordings, though one does not hear as much richness of sound from the reproduction as in the Beecham version noted below. I prefer it, for musical reasons, to anything else currently available at domestic prices. (This may be subject to revision when a Monteux-San Francisco version for RCA Victor is released.)

Sinfonia Domestica. Ormandy's feeling for this score is uncommonly acute, its performance by the Philadelphia Orchestra still acceptably audible in the RCA Victor reproduction of 1938.

Till Eulenspiegel. Challenge for this work in the brilliant, mechanically adroit reproduction of the Koussevitzky-Boston Symphony performance is provided only by imported items (see below). The Rodzinski of the Cleveland days had a fanciful turn for the music, but the Columbia recording then was no enhancement of it.

Tod und Verklärung. All the suffering and anguish in this score, so far as American buyers are concerned, is Stokowski's—twice for RCA Victor, once for Columbia. Of them, the earliest (RCA Victor album 217) commands most enthusiasm.

INCIDENTAL MUSIC

Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme Suite. Aside from a ponderously slow treatment of the Lully-derived minuet, Reiner is an able conductor for this music. As usual, the Pittsburgh Orchestra, in a better than usual reproduction.

OPERATIC EXCERPTS

Feuersnot: ("Love Scene"). Superbly stylistic direction by Beecham, and fine reproduction of the Royal Philharmonic's execution of it are strengths of this disc, included on the current RCA Victor list (12-0289).

Der Rosenkavalier: Suite of Excerpts. The recent Ormandy-Philadelphia Orchestra album for Columbia is superior to the older Goossens-Cincinnati excerpts for two reasons. It is a consecutive exposition of the music involved, as recently arranged by Strauss, rather than the separate pages from the score offered by Goossens; and it is a warmer, more realistic likeness of the orchestra.

Rosenkavalier Waltzes: There are more voluminous playings of this music than Bruno Walter's on Columbia 67892, but none more ingratiating or attractive. Rodzinski is more exuberant, Ormandy more matter of fact.

Salome: "Dance of the Seven Veils." Stokowski's three-sided version with the Philadelphia Orchestra is close on to twenty years old, but it still has sensuous as well as sensational attributes.

IMPORTS

The substantial outpouring of Strauss recordings from abroad, especially England, since the war's end is an interesting evidence of the regard in which he is held in the countries where he was avoided during the war. Beecham, for example, has done splendid new versions of "Heldenleben," "Don Quixote," "Salome's Dance," and a considerable portion of "Elektra" (with Erna Schlueter), as well as the "Feuersnot" scene noted above. The best of current "Eulenspiegel" recordings is unquestionably Clemens Krauss's, done with the Scala Orchestra for English Decca. The same firm has a new "Don Juan" with Sidney Beer, and English Columbia has another directed by Alceo Galliera, but the most of "Don Juan" is to be found in the playing by Karl Böhm and the Saxon State Orchestra. This was made about nine years ago, and is currently being marketed by HMV.

There are, in addition, versions of the "Burleske" (in which Marcelle Meyer is the solo pianist, and André Cluytens directs the Paris Conservatory Orchestra for French HMV); a "Sinfonia Domestica" (with Karl Schuricht and the Scala Orchestra for HMV) and a Strauss-directed "Alpine Symphony" (with the Bavarian State Orchestra, also for HMV). The same firm recently produced a sonorous "Rosenkavalier" suite—the new edition—with John Barbirolli and the Hallé Orchestra, also the violin sonata with Ginette Niveu. The remarkable skill of Dennis Brain has been utilized by English Columbia in a richly enjoyable playing of the early concerto for French horn (opus 11).

Finally there is the postwar Strauss, favored by English Columbia and Leon Goossens in the ornately attractive oboe concerto; and the orchestral "Metamorphosen" played by the Vienna Philharmonic directed by Herbert von Karajan. I. K.

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Reviews of the Month

The "light music" that is traditional for warm weather consumption is evident this month, though the "light" is more a matter of illumination than displacement. There is enlightening attention to such standard works as Beethoven's "Fourth Piano Concerto," the Debussy string quartet, Schubert's "Fifth Symphony" and the Sibelius second; and one can also listen and learn to the revived art of John McCormack, Albeniz's colorful "Iberia," and the beginning of a complete (one hopes) "48" of Bach.

The Classic McCormack

HANDEL: *"Come My Beloved" ("Atalanta") and seven other selections by various composers. John McCormack, tenor.* (RCA Victor Album 1228, $7.)

There will doubtless be a body of opinion which will deplore the thoroughness of RCA Victor's devotion to the memory of McCormack, as exhibited in this collection. For it is scarcely likely that the consumer who has been waiting patiently for a reissue of such of the late McCormack's vocal masterpieces as "Come My Beloved," Brahms's "Feldeinsamkeit," Lotti's "Pur Dicesti, O Bocca Bella" or Mozart's "Ridante la Calma" —a new discovery to me—have also been a-pant for "Macushla," "I Hear You Calling Me," "There Is a Flower," and "Goodbye, Sweetheart, Goodbye."

There may be a meeting ground in the other items of the collection—"Vieni al Contento" from "Lakme," "Dai Campi, Dai Prati" ("Mephistopheles"), and duets from "Bohême" (with Bori) and "The Pearl Fishers" (with Sammarco)—but it is likely that a lot of Handel and Mozart sides, a lot of "Macushla" and "I Hear You Calling Me" discs are going to remain unplayed, depending on the varied tastes of the album-buyers.

However, it does prove that RCA Victor is no bloodless mammoth, bereft of human frailties, for it is incontrovertible that the sales of "Macushla" made possible many of the choicer things in the McCormack repertory, as represented by the contents of this album. "Feldeinsamkeit," for one, is a prime treasure of the recorded repertory and the duet with Sammarco, a rare experience in vocal euphony. Since McCormack himself sugared his recital with the sweets he dispensed so well, it is a form of historic penance for the collector to be reminded of the curious blend of talents that cohabited in McCormack.

It is hardly necessary to discourse now on the purity of enunciation, the freedom of production, the elevated sense of phrasing which animated McCormack's art. One wonders, somewhat, at the slow tempo of the Lotti song and the "Lakme" excerpt is a little strained, vocally, but there is much for the ear to relish, even in these. The recording varies from early acoustic to early electric, and none of it is more than fair; but the processing is skilfully done.

—*Sovfoto.*

David Oistrakh . . . "in the true line."

The Bigger Beethoven

BEETHOVEN: *Concerto No. 4 in G* (op. 58). *Robert Casadesus, piano, with Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra.* (Columbia album No. 744, $6.)

A pianist undertaking any of the big Beethoven concerti must inevitably suffer the fate that awaits a conductor similarly inclined toward the symphonies. In the one case, he will find himself in the long shadow cast by Artur Schnabel, as in the other, by Arturo Toscanini. To the credit of Casadesus, it may be said that he fills as much area of the outline of this work as does Schnabel—though not necessarily in precise conformity at all points. It could hardly be so, nor would it be desirable.

If a generalization is permissible, it is that Casadesus evaluates this work primarily as piano literature, secondarily as a symphonic concept; but the degree of emphasis is no greater than the contrary trend in Schnabel's three different recordings of it. It is fluent in sound, notably musical, and full of interesting detail, but it does not make every sensitive nerve of the organism quiver as does Schnabel. Schnabel can pause for a kind of deep breath at the top of a phrase, secure in the knowledge that his intuition is Beethoven's demand; Casadesus matches the sounding phrase to the printed outline in precise alignment, as if a little freedom would convict him of sentimentality.

There is more richness of sound, fulness of orchestra in this reproduction than in the older domestic version of Schnabel with Stock and the Chicago Orchestra; but hardly more than HMV managed a year or so ago with Schnabel and Issay Dobrowen. If RCA would favor us with a release of this, the balance would be again, wholly, where it should be—with Schnabel. So far as the conductors are concerned, there is no shining merit in either. Ormandy is straightforward, prosaic, a little heavy when there is an accent to be noted. One miscalculation in an otherwise sound reproduction should be noted: at the beginning of the slow movement the piano is so ill-favored by the microphone that it is virtually inaudible. Probably the intent was concert-hall realism, but it could have been better simulated without taxing the listener's ear.

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Peninsular Poetry

ALBENIZ: *"Iberia" (Vols. I and II.) Claudio Arrau, piano. (Columbia album* 757, $7.25.)

Both Arrau and the music loving public are beneficiaries of this thoughtful enterprise, for his idiomatic, beautifully colored performances are sorely-needed redemption for some less happy recent releases (notably the current "Burleske," page 48) by him. Thus, the purchaser of this first thoroughgoing issue of Albeniz's fragrant, finely-fashioned music may be assured of a long and satisfying association with it.

Recordings have not been lacking of "Evocación," "El Puerto," and "Triana," and "El Corpus en Sevilla" (usually known by its French title "Fête-Dieu à Seville"), but the consistent style of Arrau is much to their advantage. As for the disk premieres —"Rondeña" and "Almería"—they are no less charming than the more favored works, and equally well played. Together, the six pieces comprise the first two volumes of Albeniz's musical tour of his native land. May we hope that Columbia will give us the other two volumes reasonably soon? These have been evenly reproduced, with a nice balance between tonal glitter and resonance.

Testimony to Skill

KHATCHATURIAN: *"Concerto for Violin." David Oistrakh, with the Russian State Symphony Orchestra conducted by Alexander Gauk. (Mercury album, DM* 10, $7.84.)

Since there is little prospect that David Oistrakh, Soviet Russia's most famous contemporary virtuoso, will leave his native land soon, one must be content with these records as proof of the high estate claimed for him. They are, indeed, testimony to a violinistic skill in the true line of such Slavic fiddlers as Heifetz and Elman, Zimbalist, Seidel, and all the other Auer pupils, as well as the more recent Milstein.

This is a rather academic point, however, for the ear tired of the limited Khatchaturian tricks exposed in the "Gayne" ballet and the piano concerto is not likely to be interested in their repetition here. Conceivably, this concerto might take the place of Glazounow or Wieniawski as a measuring rod of bowing speed or finger facility, but until that kind of special interest accrues to it, I can think of little reason for recommending it. The recording is clear, sonorous and well-balanced, Mercury's surfaces uncommonly good. I.K.

Again, the "48"

BACH: *"The Well-Tempered Clavier" —(Preludes & Fugues Nos. 1 to 9). Isabelle Nef, harpsichord.* (Oiseau Lyre Album No. 1, $13.55.)

An insurance company, asked to underwrite the probability of a complete recording of "The Well-Tempered Clavier," could hardly consider it a very safe risk. Record catalogues are littered with the debris of Bach's forty-eight preludes and fugues. Two decades ago, English Columbia began publishing a piano recording of the complete "48," but upon reaching No. 17 the undertaking ground to a halt. In 1933 this same company formed a "Bach '48' Society" to record the eminent authority and clavichordist, Arnold Dolmetsch. Eight scattered preludes and fugues saw light of day before this project collapsed. More recently, a small domestic firm named Concord gave promise of a complete version as played by the harpsichordist Dorothy Lane, but this recording, too, seems to have died prematurely at the conclusion of "Fuga V." Only one recording has persevered to the final B minor chord, that of Edwin Fischer on English HMV discs. Fischer's piano interpretation, of which more anon, was issued sporadically between 1934 and 1938.

From the foregoing melancholy history it will be understood why the beginning of yet another complete "Well-Tempered Clavier" is viewed with skepticism. At hand are six of a projected thirty discs. It is said that Oiseau Lyre already has the complete recording by Isabelle Nef on wax, that only material shortages in France are delaying issuance of the remaining twenty-four records. This is heartening news. Still, could one blame Lloyds if, on the basis of past experience, they set the probability of ultimate completion at fairly weighty odds?

Were her instrument the most suitable medium for Bach's "48," Miss Nef's interpretation might be termed the best possible this side of Wanda Landowska, but overwhelming evidence shows these famous preludes and fugues to have been written expressly for the clavichord and not the harpsichord. Here a word concerning the two keyboard instruments of Bach's day would be in order. The clavichord, being actuated by a striking mechanism, permits of subtle dynamic gradation between one note and another, while the harpsichord with its plucking mechanism has perforce to play all notes on one dynamic level. Even though the latter, by virtue of its separate manuals, can make strong and dramatic dynamic contrasts between each hand or between phrase blocks, it cannot accentuate inner thematic voices.

Now, the clavichord's flexibility as regards dynamic differentiation makes it ideal for such contrapuntal music as is to be found in the "Well-Tempered Clavier" where voices are constantly interweaving and passing from one hand to the other. On the harpsichord it is often impossible, in music like this, to separate inner themes from mere contrapuntal figuration: the end result being a confused jumble of unordered notes. When Bach clearly intended a composition for the harpsichord (*e.g.* the "Italian Concerto"), he took pains to see that parts were so spaced and properly divided between right and left hand that the music could benefit from the contrasting dynamic and tonal qualities of separate manuals. Such specific tailoring is not always to be found among the forty-eight preludes and fugues.

It seems logical, then, that the modern piano—today's version of the clavichord—is better suited to Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavier" than the eighteenth-century harpsichord, and a comparison of Edwin Fischer's recorded piano interpretation with the one presently under review bears out this seeming paradox. Purists may boggle at Fischer's rather romantic conception of the music, but there is no denying the superiority of his instrument in bringing out the essential texture of Bach's writing. Fischer can always extract meaning from the score, even though some may cavil at the validity of his meaning. Nef, struggling with an intractable instrument, sometimes produces little more than a sober but confused jangle. However, those who like Bach in a gaunt, austere, and metronomic manner will enjoy Miss Nef's intrepretation, despite the inherent deficiencies already mentioned. There remains only to add that the surfaces of these imported records are far from noiseless.

ROLAND GELATT.

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Recordings Reports on Classical Releases

See Page 53 for Pop Releases

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: "Brandenburg Concerto No. 6." Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Serge Koussevitzky, RCA Victor album 1211, $4.75.	Four-square, rather pedestrian direction of a work which requires a little more external animation. Competent recording, gritty surfaces. Also, the breaks are poorly chosen.
Corelli: "Suite" (arranged by Pinelli). Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia 12836, $1.25.	Sonorous and attractive material, over-blown by Ormandy's treatment. Also, the orchestra is larger than it need be, especially if one recalls the derivation of this music. Scratchy surfaces.
Debussy: "Quartet in G minor." Paganini Quartet. RCA Victor album DV 17, $9.	A more than commonly robust playing of this score, but excellent in discipline, tone quality, and musicianship. I still prefer the Pro Arte of old.
Lalo: "Symphonie Espagnole." Yehudi Menuhin, violin, with the Orchestre Colonne conducted by Jean Fournet. RCA Victor album 1207, $6.	A rare instance of a reissue which demands a revaluation of a performer's suitability for a work. There is far more grace and flexibility in this version by Menuhin than in his previous one, and his tone has been so well microphoned that it sounds almost suave. Fournet does well with his assignment, and the recording, though limited in highs, is well-balanced. Milstein retains my preference, but by a much narrower margin than before.
Luigini: "Ballet Egyptienne." BBC Theatre Orchestra directed by Stanford Robinson. London album 18, $4.	Bright, sprightly playing of a minor classic, which has not previously been so well favored by the phonograph. The orchestra is excellent as is Robinson's conducting. Beautifully round, opulent recording.
Moussorgsky: "Dance of the Persian Slaves" ("Khovantschina"). Sir Thomas Beecham directing the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. RCA Victor 12-0239, $1.25.	Deft, delicate work with a little-known delight whose only previous version (by Coates) has long been unavailable. Fine string and woodwind tone, brought to a well-balanced climax.
Ravel: "La Valse." Fritz Reiner conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra. Columbia album X 290, $3.50.	If one estimates this as a garish, external work, then Reiner's treatment will satisfy. I prefer more flow, less analysis; moreover, the orchestral tone is curiously muffled, without real color. This objection, incidentally, does not apply to the final side—Debussy's "Danse"—a very successful recording.
Rossini: "La Calunnia" ("Barber of Seville"). Ezio Pinza, with orchestra conducted by Fausto Cleva. Columbia No. 72528, $1.25.	The first domestic issue of this fine air since Chaliapin's of twenty years ago, and a superb one. With it is the "Coat Song" from "Bohême," equally well done. Pinza would be welcome in more repertory of this sort.
Saint-Saëns: "Symphony No. 3 in C minor." Charles Muench conducting the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. Columbia album 747, $6.	This is the work which includes, as well as organ and piano, reminiscences by Saint-Saëns of much of the music he had heard and admired in his long, scholarly life. However, it is consequential for the impassioned, remarkably convincing conducting of Muench, who is, clearly, devoted to it. A first-rate effort by him, and a credit to the Columbia sound-staff.
Schubert: "Symphony No. 5, in B flat." Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony. RCA Victor album 1215, $4.75.	A rather rouged, faded likeness of the thing Beecham makes so ebullient and gay in Columbia 366. There is nothing but cheer in the music, rather cheerlessly rendered by Koussevitzky. What is simple in Schubert becomes trivial in Koussevitzky—a shocking disparity. The recording is acceptable, the surfaces not.
Sibelius: "Symphony No. 2." Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia album 736, $7.25.	By some oddity of calculation, RCA Victor has not had a new issue of this work since Koussevitzky's of many years back. This, then, takes precedence over the less-well-recorded Barbirolli, though it is not difficult to imagine something more spirited and well-integrated than either. Good, robust Academy of Music reproduction.
Smetana: "The Moldau." Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston "Pops" Orchestra. RCA Victor album 1210, $4.75.	In combination with a prosaic, not expressive playing of the "Moldau," Fiedler presents a first recording of Dvorak's "Husistka" overture. Whatever attractions these issues may have had individually, they are hardly admirable as a coupling. Edgy, bright recording in the "Moldau"; better sonority in the Dvorak. Walter's "Moldau" is still a model for this music.
Strauss, J: "Emperor" waltz. Josef Krips conducting the New Symphony Orchestra. London T. 5019, $1.	Krips is not as incisive as some in the parade-ground flourishes that introduce the waltzes, but he has a fine caressing hand for the melodic phrases, and the recording is mellow ffrr. This, too, is music in which Bruno Walter is peerless.
Strauss, R.: "Burleske." Claudio Arrau, piano, with Désiré Defauw and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor album 1216, $6.	A new version of this quirky, delightful music has been long anticipated, but these are not the hands to do it justice. Arrau is without the gift of fantasy it requires, Defauw a dutiful servant of his insensitivity. The Weber "Konzertstueck" occupies the other four sides—another in Victor's quixotic couplings—but it, too, suffers from want of stylistic feeling. Neither recording is what it should be.
Strauss, R.: "Love Scene" ("Feuersnot"). Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. RCA Victor 12-0289 $1.25.	It is a minute or two before the sense of this scene begins to emerge, but it develops thereafter into one of Strauss's most gaudy episodes of instrumentation and color. So far as interpretative "fire" is concerned, there is no "Feuersnot" with Beecham conducting. Fine sonorous reproduction.
Tchaikovsky: "June" and "November." José Iturbi, piano. RCA Victor 12-0289, $1.25.	Gentle sentimentality built into simpering emotion by the now tasteless Iturbi. Brittle piano sound.
Weber: "Konzertstueck." Claudio Arrau, piano, with Désiré Defauw leading Chicago Symphony Orchestra.	See entry under Strauss: "Burleske." I. K.

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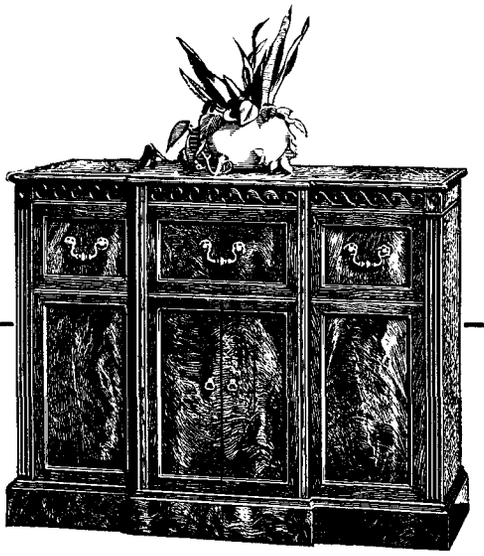
THE OTHER SIDE

TWO stylistic approaches, dissimilar yet equally convincing, present themselves to the interpreter of Brahms. That most tractable composer can be endowed with a Latin temperament and his music made to sparkle with volatile grace, hard-headed logic, and sunlit clarity; or he can be given the attributes of a Viennese burgher, his music then suffused with massive tread, warm mysticism, and a murky, opaque tonal garb. A new HMV waxing of the Brahms "First Symphony" by Wilhelm Furtwängler and the Vienna Philharmonic (HMV DB 6634/9) can be cited as an authentic, and also extremely beautiful, example of the latter style. Furtwängler sidles up to Brahms in an easy, even somnolent fashion, letting the music breathe slowly and deeply. A noble interpretation, glowingly recorded. Vienna's famous players never sounded better.

The dictum that there are no great orchestras, only great conductors, comes to mind on hearing the first postwar recording of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. This is a competent ensemble still, but not the magnificent instrument it was under Furtwängler's incumbency. Its present conductor, Sergiu Celibidache, gives us a painfully painstaking reading of Prokofiev's "Classical Symphony" (HMV C 3729/30) with the requisite tongue-in-cheek aura sadly lacking. Malcuzynski's recording of the Liszt "Concerto No. 2, in A Major" (English Columbia LX 1071/3) is notable chiefly for piano tone of excellent fidelity. Otherwise his interpretation has little to recommend it over those already available.

Tiana Lemnitz returns in a recent Berlin recording of "Und ob die Wolke sie Verhüllt" from "Der Freischutz" (HMV DA 1881). I can think of music more captivating than this, but the lovely purity of tone and stylistic grace with which Mme. Lemnitz invests it is captivating in the extreme. Another very satisfying vocal disc is the third-act baritone aria ("Il Nembo si Calmò") from Bizet's seldom performed "Pearl Fishers" as sung by Carlo Tagliabue (Italian HMV DB-05359). Most of the postwar operatic discs from Italy have been disappointing; here is an exception.

Finally, an oddity which should be chronicled: the "Pagliacci" Prologo interpreted by Beniamino Gigli! The noted tenor essayed this baritone aria in a wartime UFA film. Gigli seemed to be in fine fettle when this recording (Italian HMV DB 05353) was cut in 1943. It is replete with sobs, ringing tones, and sloppy phrasing. R. G.



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HITS AND MISSES

THAT wonderful mechanism the *pianoforte* sets up special problems as it is used in popular music. Unlike most instruments in the orchestra, it has a vast and magnificent literature all its own, created for it by many of the noblest and most inventive minds in musical history. Now, people who are not very familiar with the great piano repertory will often be impressed by specious high-jinks on the keyboard. They will mistake the simple running of arpeggios for great technical, or even improvisatory, brilliance. Sheer speed or the intensive multiplication of notes will strike them as evidence of remarkable musical powers. On no other instrument, perhaps, is it so easy to fool the musical yokel.

We make no claim to great musical erudition, but we have heard a great deal of first-class piano music. And we submit that an acquaintance with the ineffable structures of sound conceived, say, by Frederic Chopin, tends to make one rather exacting. For instance, the Negro pianist Art Tatum is widely admired for his harmonic invention and the velocity of his fingering. But in "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" and "Ain't Misbehavin'" (RCA Victor 20-2911, 75¢) you will also hear his typical incessant cascading of notes, which functions simply as ornament and quickly becomes a frightful bore. Tatum is one of the many pianists who seems never to have grasped the notion that musical value may attach to the weeding out or even the suspension of tones, to silence itself; he must forever be worrying the keyboard. He and his fellow worriers could scarcely do better than refresh themselves at that fount of pianistic simplicity and justice, the late Jelly Roll Morton, as represented in his grand old album "New Orleans Memories."

It may be felt that we are asking the popular pianist to measure up to the classic masters. That is not it at all. The point is that just because the piano has been used so resplendently and so variously by the classic composers, the popular pianist has a special problem in evolving a distinctive, musically valuable, *popular* expression on his instrument. Usually his style sounds like a watered-down, indeed deluged, version of one or another classic manner. But not the music of the popular piano masters—such men as the lyric Jelly Roll Morton, the crystalline and powerful Fats Waller, the elegant Earl Hines, and the tough, durable Joe Sullivan and Art Hodes. On the strong basis of Afro-American syncopation they, and many others, have made piano music which stands up vigorously by itself.

THIS is not, of course, to say that derivation from a classic manner cannot be done with skill and taste. An example is at hand in an album "Night Life on Two Pianos" by Morley and Gearheart (Columbia album 746, $4.75). This young couple has been thoroughly trained at that seat of modern French musical education Fontainbleau, by such teachers as Robert Casadesus and Nadia Boulanger. Their versions of such numbers as "Stardust," "All the Things You Are," "Body and Soul," and "Stormy Weather" sound very French indeed, and pleasantly so—rather as though Gabriel Fauré and some bright pupil had been toying with these themes. Just toying, mind you. For the great music in this manner you must go to the authentic Fauré. But the team

Piano team Morley and Gearheart—"On no other instrument is it so easy to fool the musical yokel."

Morley and Gearheart will offer you some exceedingly adept cocktail music.

In connection with his forthcoming book of the same name, Paul Whiteman has selected an album, "Records for the Millions" (Columbia C163, $3.90), which perhaps comes as close as possible to containing something for all popular musical appetites. There is Whiteman's own jaunty record of "Louise" with Bing Crosby singing. And Teddy Wilson's deft piano embroidery adorns "Embraceable You." Benny Goodman's sextet plays "On the Sunny Side of the Street" and Claude Thornhill's band gives full sentimental value to "There's a Small Hotel"—we have been waiting to have this romantic lobby properly evoked, and here it is. Frank Sinatra offers "Someone to Watch Over Me" and Harry James's lush trumpet, for once, impresses me as striking just the right degree of opulence in "Ain't Misbehavin'." The album closes with Duke Ellington's "Mood Indigo" and one of the greatest jazz records, vocally and instrumentally, of all time: Louis Armstrong's original version of "I Can't Give You Anything but Love."

The middle-aged crowd has merely to sit tight these days and all the old magic gradually comes along the wind. This month the intolerable New York summer has been somewhat relieved by a fine revival of "Raggedy Ann"—that long, nostalgic, deliciously turned melody which, by itself, would be enough to prove the great gifts of Jerome Kern. Helen Carroll and the Satisfiers start, properly enough, with the infectious verse (RCA Victor 20-2915, 75¢) and then bear right down on the memorable business.

WILDER HOBSON.

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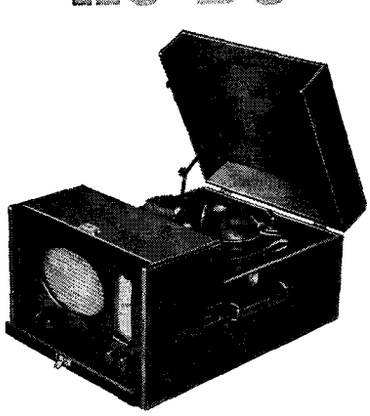

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Some Highs and Lows

"WOW"

THE phonograph motor, though it has nothing to do with the electrical process of reproducing music, is vitally important because upon it rests the matter of even, steady pitch in the playing of your records. A record player, so to speak, "unwinds" a mile-long spiral stretch of sound, taking out the curves and the kinks and delivering it to you straight and even. The slightest inaccuracy in the turning of the record about its mathematical center will show up as a rhythmical wavering of pitch disastrous to listening realism, even when physically speaking the variation is extremely slight. (If you assume that only musicians have accurate ears, try any record that plays with even a very tiny inaccuracy—you will instantly be aware of the change in pitch.)

Unfortunately, musical distortions due to the wrong turning of a record are just as often the fault of the record itself as of your own machine. Both can produce "wow," from slight to agonizing, and there is not very much you can do about correcting the trouble in either case except by outright replacement. Though great care is taken in record manufacturing to be sure that the hole is cut in the exact center, our ears are so painfully accurate that even a microscopically small inaccuracy is enough to cause plenty of trouble in the playing. Record shops are full of discs—from every company—that are off-center by some tiny fraction of an inch. You will understand how this can happen if you reflect a moment on the problem of determining the exact center of a record. For the center of the hole is not, as you might casually expect, the center of the disc itself, but the *center of the actual grooves*. Often the grooves are pressed so that the center of the disc itself is not the center of the grooves. Such a record may have an uneven margin, wider on one side of the record than the other—but if the hole is cut accurately at the center of the grooves themselves, the record will play perfectly, even though the disc will appear to be wobbling violently back and forth on the table. The clue to the accuracy of the record is the pickup itself. If your pickup remains relatively motionless, all will be well.

There is hardly a home phonograph motor that does not have some slight inaccuracy, at least, in the turning, which will produce a corresponding slight "wow" in the playing. Only the very expensive professional turntables, with massive, heavy construction, can be said to be "wow-free."

But there is one major blessing to be found in the fact that "wow" is almost always present in small degree both in turntables and in records. With a little care you can pit the one against the other. Given both a table and a record with some unevenness, there will be a point where the "wow" of the record and that of the motor will combine to give a doubly noticeable waver. But by that very token if the record is slipped around a half turn on the table, there must be a corresponding point where the two "wows," working in opposite directions, cancel each other.

Since most records are placed in a purely random position as far as the table itself is concerned, you can see what may well happen in countless cases. Play a favorite record once and by chance you hit a position near the maximum cancelation of "wow." It sounds fine. The next time you hit, again by pure chance, the point of maximum addition of the two "wows," that of the record and that of the table. The music wavers unconscionably. Most listeners, introspective souls, blame it upon their own mood, and suffer in resigned silence! I can guarantee you that this random coincidence of two inaccuracies causes a perfectly tremendous loss of nervous energy among our population of record enthusiasts.

Knowing the trouble, one can do two things. First, if any record, in the playing, shows an unusually noticeable waver, stop the machine momentarily and move the record a half turn around. If the "wow" is to any degree due to the addition of two inaccuracies (and it usually is) you will notice immediately an improvement. A more systematic approach is to experiment individually with each record. Make a mark arbitrarily at a point on your turntable. Find the best position of each record by experimentation and put a corresponding mark on the edge of the record. Then, in all future playings, line the two marks up. Simple—and by this means you can actually achieve a perfect play from a defective record, where the fanciest professional equipment (with "wowless" turning) could do nothing at all to help. I suggest that for the man who wants perfect reproduction, an off-center motor should be standard equipment!

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THE JAZZ BEAT

THE BEST BAND IN THE LAND

LAST month, on the night before the review of Stan Kenton's album of "Progressive Jazz" was written, Edward "Kid" Ory gave a concert in Carnegie Hall. Without intending to belittle Kenton's efforts in any way, it must be stated that, after an evening with Edward the Kid, you find it a trifle difficult to write enthusiastically about anybody else. Unfortunately, as there were no recently released recordings by this great artist at that time, no valid excuse could be found for working off that enthusiasm. However, Kid Ory is making record news this month with the publication of a handsome and rewarding twelve-inch album recorded "off the air" during a guest appearance on Rudi Blesh's "This Is Jazz" radio show: "Kid Ory and his Creole Jazz Band" (Circle Album S-11, $4). Other work by this group is currently available in a Columbia album instigated by George Avakian, and on several discs issued on the Crescent label.

There is a time-honored custom among young whipper-snappers that leads them to embrace solely the ultra-modern and the immediate. Although it has been many years since I seriously snapped any whippers, the time is hardly beyond recall when strong measures were necessary for me to look backward beyond Cézanne, to listen prior to Debussy. From a position knee-deep in the modernities

of Lennie Tristano, Stan Kenton, and bebop it is dangerously easy to forget that the most exciting band in the land, Kid Ory's, is alive, and dispensing fine music — available for theatres, ballrooms, and broadcasts (advt.).

It should be made categorically clear that the efforts of the Creole Jazz Band are not merely for the initiated. All you need are two ears and a reasonable amount of blood in your veins. Ory and company create an extremely moving form of musical fare, and you do not have to be steeped in the history of jazz to absorb it. You merely have to like music that is warm and honest, subjective and pure.

Today jazz is in an alarmingly moribund state. Many purists are prone to blame it on the modern tangents of the so-called progressivists and the bebop cults. It is humbly submitted that they are pointing the finger of scorn in quite the wrong direction. The public has become understandably surfeited by a constant exposure to the tired neo-Dixielanders, the latter-day Chicagoans, and those musical caricatures that the booking agencies wrap into packages. Jazz, as any art, must undergo gradual mutation with the passing of time, with the contributions of young, new creators. But the best of the older expressions remain what they were—incomparable, authentic, such as the Kid Ory album. Don't accept substitutes—it isn't necessary.

SIDNEY BECHET'S BLUE NOTE JAZZ MEN: *"Salty Dog," "Weary Blues," "High Society," "Jackass Blues."* (Blue Note 49 and 50, $1.50.)

In a rather arid month it is more than gratifying to discover four excellent twelve-inch sides by the venerable New Orleans artist Sidney Bechet. The group of six, including Maxie Kaminsky and Art Hodes, sounds as if all were immensely happy about the whole proceedings, an attitude readily communicated to the listener. Bechet is that rarity, a fine jazz musician who has been playing for forty years or so and has yet to demean himself by dispensing commercial pap. He can only play one way—with a vibrato as broad as the Mississippi and a tone as rough as a home-made ball-bearing. Nevertheless, the statements of this gentleman remain one of the precious few things in music you can depend on these days.

RED NORVO'S NINE: *"Hollyridge Drive," "Under a Blanket of Blue."* (Capitol 15083, 79¢.)

Although this is ostensibly Norvo's record and he does exceedingly well by it, the high point is sixteen bars on the first side by Benny Carter who, incidentally, wrote the tune. Its warm and majestic beauty is an inevitability when Carter plays, for there has seldom been a soloist with quite the same effectiveness.

KID RENA'S DELTA JAZZBAND. (Circle Album S-10, $4.90.)

This is the way it must have sounded in the "District" of New Orleans when the century was about a decade old. The eight fine old traditionals were

recorded in 1940 by musicians whose ages ranged from forty-one to seventy. In addition to its distinctive atmosphere, this Delta anthology possesses a charm really out of this world, when you realize you are listening to significant sounds of the past—people like Alphonse Picou, "Big Eye" Louis Nelson, Henry and Joe Rena.

STAN KENTON: *"Interlude."* (Capitol 15117, 79¢.)

The hard-riding progressivist changes pace with a prettily proportioned sketch that is something of a small rhapsody for piano and orchestra. It is a fine example of that terse symmetry dictated by the three-minute exigencies of the ten-inch record.

CLAUDE THORNHILL: *"Anthropology."* (Columbia 38224, 75¢.)

Although Mr. Thornhill meant well and this attempt at bebop is a tribute to his musical awareness, what he and his cohorts have done to Dizzy Gillespie's and Charlie Parker's original study shouldn't have happened to the "Anvil Chorus." Big band bop is quite as far away from the brilliance of the small combinations as the old powerhouse swing bands were from Louis Armstrong's Hot Five.

CHARLES VENTURA: *"East of Suez."* (National 9048, 75¢.)

A fascinating bopish recording using a wordless voice in unison with the instrumental ensemble, the technique refined by Dave Lambert. As an added attraction there is a lid-flipping trombone that sounds like a fugitive from Stan Kenton's milieu.

GILBERT MCKEAN.

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Recordings Reports on Current Pop Releases

PERFORMER, SONG, DATA	REPORT
Cugat, Xavier: "Take It Away." Columbia 38239, 75¢.	If Homer could nod, why not Xavier? This might, conceivably, sound better in Spanish (where it is called "Tomalu Tu") but the English version is decidedly perfunctory. "Cuanto le Gusta" is much the same, save for the change of title.
Guizar, Tito: "I'll Never Love Again." Mercury 5006, 79¢.	Guizar's one-side promise is convincing as far as it goes, but he sounds a good deal more convincing in "He Like It! She Like It," a calypso-ish statement of an enduring proposition. Good rattlings in the Carib manner on both.
Harper, Toni: "Candy Store Blues." Columbia 38229, 75¢.	This is a name that you are likely to be hearing for a long time, for as the juvenile candidate for Smithsonian (Bessie) honors avows: "I'm only nine years old, but I'll soon be twenty-four." The child has a real feeling for the blues she sings, and since the text is no more spicy than tutti-frutti, real charm. Overside "Dolly's Lullaby" is a little harder to take. Eddie Beal leads the accompanying sextet.
Henderson, Skitch: "Mine." Capitol 15136, 79¢.	An admired, and recently neglected, Gershwin tune from "Let 'em Eat Cake," tastefully played in a neo-Lombardo manner. "Somebody Else's Picture" is the less attractive partner, tearfully sung by Nancy Reed.
Lee, Peggy: "Don't Smoke in Bed." Capitol 15151, 79¢.	A Willard Robison tune, with the Lee voice, promises more musical mileage to the liter of sentimental gas than is accomplished here. Miss Lee redeems herself with the accompanying "Everybody Loves Somebody," a routine bit of romanceful thinking which she renders almost convincing. Dave Barbour provides the background music.
Mercer, Johnny: "Limehouse Blues." Capitol 15134, 79¢.	That this famous tune actually has a lyric has been pretty well obscured by the innumerable instrumental versions that have piled up since it was new. Prefaced by the Pied Pipers, in the verse, Mercer does a Hoagy Carmichaelish job on the chorus. With it is the contemporary "I Don't Care If It Rains All Night," of which the rhyme "teeming" with "dreaming" pretty well sums the matter up.
Rose, David: "Bewitched, Bothered, and Bewildered." MGM 30120, 75¢.	Those who recall this engaging conceit from the Rodgers and Hart score for "Pal Joey" will need little more information beyond the reassurance that Rose plays it tenderly, temperately. He has a tendency to utilize a French horn where a saxophone would do as well, but that is merely to say that he is an arranger. Particularly good recording, in this, and the companion "Moon of Manakoora," also a revival.
Russell, Andy: "Just for Now." Capitol 15135, 79¢.	Initial sentiment compounded by the syrup of Russell's voice yields a sugar content that only the sweetest tooth could relish. With "I Kiss Your Hand, Madame" Russell attempts a more manly accent, but it hardly comes off.
Sinatra, Frank: "Just for Now." Columbia 38225, 75¢.	As proof that manner can conquer matter, Sinatra takes this tune (Russelled off, above) and "Everybody Loves Somebody" (done by Lee, above), making of the two something actually listenable. The accompaniments directed by Alex Stordahl are no mean factor, either.
Shay, Dorothy: "Finishing School." Columbia 38238, 75¢.	More of the mountain merriment of Miss Shay, this time concerned with the finish applied by finishing school. "Making Love Mountain Style" is the chant d'amour with it.
Shelton, Anne: "October Twilight." London 236, 79¢.	How American fanciers of nostalgia have overlooked this item by Henry Hadley (once, actually, conductor of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra) is puzzling, for it would seem to have every chance of duplicating such successes as Glenn Miller's "Indian Summer" or Harry James's "Sleepy Lagoon." Miss Shelton sings it with the taste and talent previously admired here, aided by superb recording. "On the Painted Desert" is the reverse side, and no better than the title suggests.
Three Suns: "Fella with an Umbrella." RCA Victor 20-2863, 75¢.	Sprightly treatment of one of the better new tunes from "Easter Parade," more in the spirit of the original than most of those by more famous performers. Artie Dunn and the Sun Maids are the vocalists for this and the accompanying "Steppin' Out with My Baby."

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

Concerning LP

SIR: Congratulations for the excellent article on the Columbia Long Playing recordings by Goddard Lieberson [RECORDINGS June 26]. Information on two additional points would have made the article . . . more rewarding to the readers, I believe. . . . Will the Philco adapter . . . enable the owner of a present model radio-phonograph to play both the new thirty-three and one-third recording and the seventy-eight? Will present dual-speed playback equipment used widely in the public-school systems handle the Long Playing recordings without purchase of the Philco adapter?

CHARLES C. BUSHONG.

Gainesville, Fla.

SIR: Reading the article by Goddard Lieberson caused a flame of enthusiasm to kindle and burn in me. I can hardly wait to see the LPR become a favorite of all ardent listeners. But more than that, it made me hope that an extension of this development might bring us real audible literature. I am aware of the limited program of Talking Books for the blind. There is a great need, however, for the expansion of this program to fill the requirements of a large public among those who can and do read extensively.

Perhaps a rental-library system would supplement a public-library circulation. The adults who have bought story albums for their children are already prepared for the idea and would doubtless buy for themselves also. Albums of poetry expertly read would be repeated as often as music, perhaps.

For me and for many others the project would have a special importance. After some years abed both my eyes and my strength must be spent economically. We would deeply appreciate anything from verse to novels, made available on Long Playing Records.

CHARLES BAKEWELL.

Monrovia, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *I am informed that overtures already have been made to Columbia for usage of Long Playing Records along these lines. Something further may be forthcoming about that soon. As for the player itself: It is designed exclusively for playing Long Playing Records, and will not be usable for seventy-eight recordings as well. However, if the unit mentioned by our correspondent is a "present model radio-phonograph" he can continue to use it for seventy-eight rpm records, as the "adapter" is a wholly separate mechanism and will not interfere with the present functioning of the existing unit. As for dual-speed motors: They will require the specially designed light pickup, which will be marketed individually by the Astatic Co.*

An Opinion of Sack

SIR: As a coloratura enthusiast, I was very curious to get hold of Erna Sack's records, in order to measure her against such vocal virtuosa as Tetrazzini, Galli-Curci, Dal Monte, Korjus, and Pons. Recently I came across her album of "Old Vienna," in which I can say her being a freak, endowed with such amazing vocal fireworks, does not obscure the fact that there is nothing to be admired of her vocal charm, imaginative insight, or musicianship. I doubt there is a place for her among the celebrities noted above. If I am doing her an injustice, I would appreciate being informed of it.

M. SULEYMAN.

Somerville, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Coloraturas are even more a matter of taste than most other things connected with music, but I have not seen Miss Sack grouped with Tetrazzini or Galli-Curci, save, perhaps, by her press agents. It's a general opinion, rather, that she has a phenomenal range, but not much more.*

Pertinent Question

SIR: We can buy a handsome, simulated-leather album to hold ten records for $1.25. The record companies charge about *the same*, but for a paper-backed album which holds three or four, at the most five or six records, and carries advertising, to help promote sales for them. Aren't theirs overpriced, considering the volume in which they are made, and the quality?

MRS. ROBERT NEWSOM.

Denver, Colo.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *It would seem that Mrs. Newsom has what the legal minds call a prima facie case. The fact is that album prices have crept up gradually over the years since the war, while record prices have remained relatively stationary—for long this was because records were price-controlled, and albums were not. It is time, obviously, for a trend in the other direction. That, incidentally, is one more count in favor of the LP's discussed above—no need for albums, save to house all the Beethoven symphonies in the same holder!*

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Records Over the Nation

A Dealer Survey of Top Record Sellers

City and Store	*Popular Singles*	*Popular Albums*	*Classical Singles*	*Classical Albums*
ATLANTA *(Tyler's Gramophone Shop)*	My Happiness (D)	Inside USA (RCA)	Et Incarnatus Est (HMV)	Brahms Requiem (C)
BERKELEY, CALIF. *(Berkeley Music House)*	Woody Woodpecker (C)	Songs of Our Times (D)	Petites Voix (RCA)	Peter Grimes (EDA)
BIRMINGHAM *(Stairway to Music)*	My Happiness (Damon)	Songs of Our Times (D)	Toccata & Fugue (EDA)	Rhapsody in Blue (C)
BOSTON *(Boston Music Co.)*	You Can't Be True (R)	Oklahoma! (D)	Jalousie (RCA)	Gaité Parisienne (C)
(Mosher Music Co.)	12th Street Rag (Cap)	Al Jolson, Vol. III (D)	Because (RCA)	Erna Sack (L)
CHICAGO *(Hudson Ross, Inc.)*	Woody Woodpecker (C)	Stan Kenton (Cap)	Sabre Dance (C)	Tagliavini (RCA)
CINCINNATI *(Steinberg's, Inc.)*	Maharajah of Mogador (RCA)	Brahms for Dancing (RCA)	Fiddle Faddle (L)	Rodeo (RCA)
DALLAS *(The Record Shop)*	You Can't Be True (R)	Desert Song (RCA)	In questa Reggia—Turandot (Eng. C)	Brahms Requiem (C)
(Whittle Music Co.)	You Can't Be True (R)	Songs of Our Times (D)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Nutcracker Suite (RCA)
DETROIT *(Doubleday Book Shop)*	12th Street Rag (Cap)	Songs of Our Times (D)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	La Valse (C)
HOUSTON *(The Record Shop)*	Little White Lies (D)	Ink Spots (D)	Bluebird (RCA)	Masquerade (RCA)
KANSAS CITY, MO. *(Jenkins Music Co.)*	Woody Woodpecker (C)	Stan Kenton (Cap)	Sabre Dance (RCA)	Polovetzki Dances (RCA)
LOS ANGELES *(Birkel-Richardson Co.)*	Adios (RCA)	Songs of Our Times (D)	Fiddle Faddle (RCA)	Erna Sack (L)
MINNEAPOLIS *(Don Leary's, Inc.)*	You Can't Be True (R)	Songs of Our Times (D)	Fiddle Faddle (RCA)	Golden Moments (RCA)
NASHVILLE *(M U Sound System)*	You Can't Be True (RCA)	Songs of Our Times (D)	Sabre Dance (C)	Rhapsody in Blue (RCA)
NEW YORK *(Doubleday Book Shop)*	Nature Boy (Cap)	Songs of Our Times (D)	Greensleeves (EDA)	Ravel Concerto (RCA)
(Haynes Griffin)	Woody Woodpecker (Cap)	Emperor Waltz (D)	Fledermaus (RCA)	Sleeping Beauty (RCA)
(Heins & Bolet)	Woody Woodpecker (C)	Happy Anniversary (C)	Light Cavalry (RCA)	Brahms Requiem (C)
(Liberty Music Shops)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Songs of Our Times (D)	Sabre Dance (RCA)	Lehar Waltzes (L)
(Rabson's)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Harry Richman (D)	Persian Slaves (RCA)	Ravel Concerto (RCA)
OMAHA *(Lyon & Healy)*	Woody Woodpecker (C)	Stan Kenton (Cap)	Ave Maria (RCA)	Rosenkavalier Suite (C)
PHILADELPHIA *(Jacobs Bros.)*	Maybe You'll Be There (D)	Fingerbustin' (L)	Orpheus in Hades (RCA)	Mozart Requiem (Cet)
PORTLAND, ME. *(Cressey & Allen)*	Woody Woodpecker (C)	Inside USA (RCA)	Mignon Duet (C)	Beethoven Fifth (RCA)
PORTLAND, ORE. *(Sherman Clay & Co.)*	Woody Woodpecker (C)	Nellie Lutcher (Cap)	Hungarian Rhap. #2 (RCA)	Gayne Ballet (C)
ROCHESTER, N. Y. *(Esler's)*	Woody Woodpecker (C)	Songs of Our Times (D)	Rachmaninoff Prelude (RCA)	Rosenkavalier Suite (C)
ST. LOUIS *(Doubleday Book Shop)*	William Tell (RCA)	Songs of Our Times (D)	Bluebird (RCA)	Beethoven Ninth (RCA)
SAN FRANCISCO *(Sherman Clay & Co.)*	Woody Woodpecker (C)	Emperor Waltz (D)	Because (RCA)	Apassionata Sonata (RCA)

Key: C—Columbia Cap—Capitol Cet—Cetra D—Decca EDA—English Decca HMV—His Master's Voice L—London R—Rondo RCA—Victor.

Leaders: Appropriate to a season of a scattered public, favor in record-buying is decidedly dispersed. Of twenty-eight stores reporting, a buying trend is most apparent in the popular field, with ten agreed on "Woody Woodpecker" as the favorite popular record, and eleven concurring in one or another of the "Songs of Our Times" series among albums. "Nature Boy," the leader for the past few months, has dwindled to a meager three shops. No remarkable concurrence can be observed in classical records: "Fiddle Faddle" challenges the "Sabre Dance" with three stores noting it as elected, against four for the incumbent. In the album category, the "Brahms Requiem" and the "Rosenkavalier Suite" (both Columbia) are preferred by customers in three stores each.

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